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Written for the Irish Nationalist.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY G. H. JENNINGS.

When famine's hand was on the land

And famine lay upon the land

While tyrant might from stricken right

All that remained was grasping.

When deep despair was brooding there,

And men seemed listless of their fate,

A hope arose—before their feet

Stepped out the men of '48.

Too much to bear, too much to dare

'Gainst odds of wealth and number,

Yet worked they well, they broke the spell

Of Ireland's deathlike slumber.

As traitors tried, they were denied

The violence of British hate,

And in defiance on convict ships

Went down the sun of '48.

The rolling years with smiles and tears

(For Erin only weeping.)

Went slowly by; but memory

Has never since been sleeping.

And in his size another page

Of history of a later date

Will bear the name and lead the fame

Of one man famed in '48.

Just Michael, still, on every hill,

That Ireland lifts to heaven

And vale beneath, his name they breathe

With blessings none and even.

He took his stand for our crushed land

Was fearless in her danger great—

His every word was worth a sword

In those dark days of '48.

And now, again, 'tis all our men,

He fans the falling embers;

The task then set, unfinished yet,

His true heart still remembers

What did he feel, as the swift keel

Bore him, prepared for either fate,

That thought that came—were they the same

Which filled his breast in '48.

At home once more! the dear old shore

Beneath his foot most bright,

And hearts bowed long by cruel wrong

Will at his presence lighten.

Where've unfurl'd throughout the world

The green flag floats the air—

There from the heart the wish will start—

God speed the star of '48.

Agri-culture in Ireland.

In a well-informed article in the Dublin University Magazine an important question is raised with regard to the future of Irish agriculture. The problem now set before the cultivators of the soil in Ireland concerns the use to which the land generally shall be put, and involves the determination of a question which may have considerable influence upon the prosperity of the country. According to the opinion of one of its late Viceroy, Ireland is, in the future to become a vast grazing field, and there are facts which certainly show that this tendency has already made itself manifest. In 1843 the number of cattle in Ireland was 1,863,116 in 1866 the numbers were 3,493,474, and in 1873 they had risen to 4,142,400. These figures, however, although they prove the direction recently taken by agriculturists, by no means establish its benefit to the country. The writer urges, in the first place, that by turning arable land into grazing fields the agricultural population would be necessarily diminished, and he demonstrates from reliable statistics that to devote the whole of the land to cattle is not to "profit" in its result. The conclusion of the article is therefore, strongly against turning Ireland into a grazing field to feed cattle for the English market. It is believed that a mixed system of agriculture could be made as productive of cattle without abandoning the culture of corn, and that in this way six millions annually could be saved to the country.—Globe.

A San Francisco lady, the wife of a prominent stock broker, on a visit to Santa Cruz, has made herself conspicuous by wearing a hideous-looking mask of chamois-leather. It is said she envelops her face in leather to save a singularly beautiful complexion. She is alluded to in town as "the woman in the yellow mask."

IRISH NEWS.

A postal service by rail, instead of by horse and car, is about to be instituted at once between Limerick and Ennis. This boon has been granted by the Postmaster General, through the energy and zeal of Thomas Green, Esq., J. P. Ennis.

Mr. McDonald, M. P., who paired in favor of Mr. Butt's motion, has written to his Home Rule constituents, stating that his absence from the division was caused by the death of his brother.

Colonel M'Adam has appointed his cousin, Thomas M'Adam, Esq., of Ashroe, Newport (Tip), agent for his property in Ireland.

Mr. Nathaniel Allen, proprietor of the Waterford Arms Hotel, applied before the magistrates at the police court on the 13th ult., for information against Mr. Joseph Fisher, proprietor of the "Waterford Daily Mail," for having published a sarcastic letter signed "Jimmy Doolan," and addressed to Billy Power, of the Light Mary Anne, and certain expressions calculated to hold Miss Allen to ridicule. Mr. Allen met Mr. Fisher at the Tramway terminus, yesterday morning, and struck him before the passengers leaving the terminus. Mr. Allen subsequently applied for information against Mr. Fisher, and on Mr. Fisher promising not again to allude to Mr. Allen or his family, the apology was accepted. The incident created great excitement.

The annual regatta at Limerick took place on the 13th ult., under the management and supervision of the Shannon Rowing Club, and was conducted in a very satisfactory manner. The challenge cup for junior fours was won by the Dublin University Rowing Club crew, and the scullers race by Mr. Blue of the Shannon Rowing Club.

A laborer named Owen M. Conn, died in the Louth Hospital on the 10th ult. from the effects of injuries received while taking down an arch in the yard of Mr. Arthur's Hotel.

The Grand Jury for the county Louth were sworn in to-day for the transaction of the fiscal business. The commission will be opened on Tuesday. The calendar is, we understand, a perfect blank.—Dundalk Democrat July 4th.

The death is announced of the Right Hon. General Dunne, who represented Portlborough in the House of Commons from 1847 to 1862, and was subsequently member for Queen's County until the general election of 1868. For a few months in 1862 he held a subordinate office under Lord Derby's first Ministry. He was a magistrate, and a deputy lieutenant for Queen's County, and colonel of the Queen's County Rifle Militia. He was seventy-two years of age.

The Orangemen at their meeting on the 13th ult., denounced Home Rule.

At a special meeting of the Dublin Corporation (from which the Conservative members absented themselves), a petition in favor of Mr. Butt's Municipal Privileges Bill was adopted for presentation to the House of Lords.

The City of Limerick Artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. C. Smyth Verkerke, assembled for annual training at the new barracks, Limerick, on the 13th ult. Great preparations are being made by the Curraghmore tenantry to celebrate the approaching marriage of the Marquis of Waterford with the Lady Blanche Somerset, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

At a meeting of the Macroom Farmers' Club, some discussion took place relative to the evictions remarked by Mr. Richard Neville, and it was reflected that while there had always been full meetings when the conduct of landlords towards his tenants was to be discussed, many influential members of the Club had absented themselves on the several occasions when Mr. Neville's case was under consideration. The evictions were spoken of in terms of unqualified disapproval, and regret was expressed that a person who had himself been a tenant-farmer should have made such harsh use of his rights.

The twelfth of July passed off quietly throughout the North of Ireland. In Belfast the usual Orange demonstrations were postponed till the following day when the brethren mustered in great force, and went in procession through the principal streets, but they were not opposed by the Catholics, and no collisions or disturbances occurred. Ample arrangements were made for the preservation of the peace between the divided districts, each under the supervision of two magistrates, backed by an imposing force of military and police. Meetings were held in several of the towns around Belfast.—Cork Examiner.

With the exception of slight disturbances at Lurgan the anti-separatist throughout the North of Ireland passed off quietly.

The Rev Father Butler, S. J., of the Ballylarnan family, has arrived on a short visit from the city of Augusta, Georgia. The object of his visit is in order to obtain young candidates for the priesthood, who will devote themselves to the mission in the Southern States of America. About twelve months ago this excellent Jesuit Father visited Ireland for the same purpose, and obtained about twelve candidates for Holy Orders in the Southern States. Father Butler is brother of Major Butler, the hero of Coomassie and of R. Butler, Esq., of M. Killee.

The Grand Jury of the Queen's County have awarded Mr. Whitford, £1,200, compensation for the injuries he sustained on the occasion of his attempted assassination.

The day for holding Kilkenny Petty Sessions has been changed from every alternate Friday to every alternate Monday, commencing on July 13th.

On the 4th ult., Lady Louisa Tigue presented new colors to the Kilkenny Fusiliers. Lieutenant-Colonel St. George returned thanks to her ladyship for the favor conferred upon the corps. The colors were the gift of the Commander-in-Chief.

ARTHUR MACMORROUGH KAVANAGH, Esq., M. P., has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Carlow, in the room of Sir John R. Wolsley, Bart., deceased.

An address and a purse of sovereigns has been presented to the Rev. Michael Malons, late Administrator of St. John's, Limerick, on his appointment as Parish Priest of Glina, by his late parishioners.

An old grievance in Kilkenny has at last been remedied. The old Post-office has closed, and business is going on at the new one. The place has been most conveniently arranged under the supervision of the Postmaster, Mr. Goslin.

On the 4th ult., a bootmaker named Joseph Arthur, was drinking with his wife in South William street, Dublin. As he was about to leave the house with an old iron pot, in order to procure more liquor, his daughter, Elizabeth, aged 21, locked the door to prevent his egress. Enraged, he thereupon inflicted a wound, with a shoemaker's knife, three inches in width upon her neck. The daughter died in hospital on the 11th ult., and the father is in custody. He had been imbibing freely for the previous fortnight.

Thomas Anson, of Westmeath, Esq., Rathdown, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county of Wicklow.

The members of the Ball's bridge band were lately presented, by the Operative Smiths of Dublin, with a handsome band stand, a valuable as well as a tasteful present, being heavily mounted with silver.

On the 8th ult., in the Court of Bankruptcy, Sir Charles Compton, Donville, Bart., Santry House, D.L., of Dublin, was adjudicated a bankrupt. His liabilities were stated to amount to close on a hundred thousand pounds. His opposing creditor was Mr. Lewis Harris, a money-lender, whose debt amounted to over £4,000.

Mr. Charles Purdon Cooke, J. P., Ballyclough Castle, nephew of Captain Cooke, R. M., Malrow, has purchased for a very large sum the extensive domain of Beaufort, with the mansion and offices, near Malrow, from the executors of the late Augustus Shiel, J. P.

The prospects of the flax crop for 1874 were, on the 8th ult., the subject of observation at the meeting of the Ballineen Farmers' Club. Colonel Bernard, the chairman, expressed an opinion that the quantity would not be superfluous, but the quality bade fair to be good. These conclusions correspond with those advanced by the Flax Supply Association; and that the yield will be far above the average.

A SCANDAL case of more than ordinary importance commanded a magisterial investigation at Waterford, on the 8th ult. Four respectable connected young men named Doyle, Flynn, Hannigan and Whitty, were arrested some time ago, and have since been confined in custody, on the sworn information of a woman named Hayden, on the charge of having feloniously assaulted her. After their commitment, Hayden, assisted by some parties, endeavored to leave the country, and was actually arrested while in the Queenstown on her way to America. The City police authorities instigated an investigation, and by the aid of Acting constable Jeffs, succeeded in implicating a number of persons. One man holding a prominent position in the city, named J. Rooney, a Believing Officer, has been ordered to appear before the Justices to show cause why he should not be indicted for having advanced sums of money to Hayden with a view of enabling her to leave the country before the accused persons were arranged for trial.

A destructive fire broke out on the 8th ult., in the Vulcan Works, Anderson's Quay, Cork, belonging to Messrs. John Steele & Co. It originated in the engine room, and spread with great rapidity to the fitting room and machinery, where it was arrested by cutting the roof. Plenty of water was also poured on, and the fire was finally got under about 10 o'clock. Considerable damage has been done, the chief part of the machinery being either disabled or destroyed.

On the 8th ult., a serious case of stabbing occurred at Globe's Hotel, in Cork. Two men named O'Callaghan and Dunlevy occupied the same sleeping apartment. O'Callaghan who had some money about him, was about to proceed to America. Suspecting that Dunlevy was robbing him, he jumped out of bed, when a fearful encounter ensued, resulting in ten wounds being inflicted on O'Callaghan. Dunlevy is in custody, and it is not expected that the wounded man will recover. When the police were called in, a knife was found embedded in one of O'Callaghan's wounds.

The assizes at Longford, were opened on the 6th ult., with the accustomed formality, by the Right Hon. Mr. Baron Fitzgerald.

EASTERN NEWS.

A Boston special says that S. K. Elliott, who, with a Mr. Vinson, has for some weeks been living in a cottage with two married women at Oak Bluffs, was Sunday night called out by a party of men and forced into a wagon containing tar and feathers, and that he drew a revolver and shot dead Caleb Smith, brother of the two women. The horses frightened by the shooting ran away, and threw out the whole party, and Elliott escaped. He subsequently surrendered himself to the authorities. The excitement is intense.

MAJOR W. E. MERRILL, of the corps of Army Engineers, has been assigned to duty as Light-house Engineer of the Fourteenth Lighthouse District: headquarters, Cincinnati. Major Charles R. Sutter, of the corps of Army Engineers, has been assigned as Engineer of the Tenth Lighthouse District: headquarters, St. Louis. These officers are assigned under the Act of Congress extending the jurisdiction of the Light-house Board over the Mississippi Missouri and Ohio rivers.

The Assistant Treasurer at New York will sell during August \$5,000,000 of gold: \$1,500,000 each on the first and third Thursdays, and \$1,000,000 each on the second and fourth Thursdays.

The following postal changes have been ordered for the Pacific Coast: Post Masters appointed—Joseph H. Miller, at Mariposa, Mariposa County, Cal.; William H. Callmer, at Sandy Salt Lake County, Utah. Henry Wickensburg, at Witcomb, Yavapai County, Arizona.

The Vulcan Iron Works in Wilkesbarre (Pa.) last week decided on reducing their men's wages ten per cent, and at once quit, when they received notice that if they did not resume work before Wednesday they would be paid the wages due them and be discharged. They had a meeting and resolved not to go to work so long as the reduction was insisted on. About a dozen men refused to quit work, but they have not been molested by the strikers.

Lord Gomer shot himself on Saturday last at his residence at Headingly, in Manitoba, C.W. Two English detectives arrested him, and he promised to go quietly with him if they would not go through the United States. While in his room preparing for his journey, he blew out his brains with a pistol.

At Russell, Henderson county, S. C., a young German named Gerzsum shot and killed a young lady named Tucker. It appears that Gerzsum was employed by the father of a young lady whom he fell desperately in love. He became jealous of the attentions of a supposed rival, and deliberately killed the young lady while the three were sitting in J. W. Tucker's parlor. After committing the deed the murderer fled, but was arrested and is now lodged in jail.

The payments made from the Treasury by warrants during the month of July were as follows: On account of civil and miscellaneous expenses, \$7,665,672.11, war, \$3,173,986.97; navy, \$2,728,276.32; Interior, Indian and Pension Departments, \$2,045,490.78. Total \$16,518,376.08. The above does not include payments made on account of interests or principal of the public debt. The internal revenue receipts to-day amount to \$596,082.23; the estimated receipts for the month are \$9,235,000.

The Congressional election in Lexington (Ky) resulted in a Democratic victory by an increased majority. During the day the negroes voting the Democratic ticket were attacked by Republican negroes, and one man on each side was killed. Reports from elsewhere in the State show an increased Democratic majority. Jones, the Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Appellate Court, carries the State.

The territory at Muskegon (Mich.) devastated by fire in the fourth of a mile in length, and about one fourth of a mile in breadth, comprising an area of twelve blocks, or something over 100 acres. The buildings burned occupied one fourth of the entire city territory.

Under the recommendation of a Board of physicians, Frank Walworth, the paralytic, has been removed to the State asylum, for insane convicts.

The Eastern Press is still much exercised over the Tilton-Beecher scandal. The matter has so far been staved off of the courts, and continues to drag its weary length, disclosing some fresh abomination at every new sinistral. Moulton now professes himself ready to testify when so requested by both parties. Mrs. Tilton's testimony has been precluded before the investigating committee, which is now endeavoring to gain the truth.

YAN ERZ, the bona fide convict, committed suicide while imprisoned in New York by taking laudanum. His remains were interred on Tuesday in Greenwood Cemetery.

A. & W. Potters Woolen mill, at Dayville was burned Tuesday afternoon. Loss, \$70,000, insurance, \$40,000.

A. J. Thompson, special agent of the U. S. Marshal, in La Porte, Indiana, was burned Tuesday. Loss, \$15,000; insurance, \$10,000.

Overlook, the murderer of the Hammett family, has made another confession, in which he says he attempted to outrage the oldest girl, Ida, when her screams aroused the family and he killed them all and burned the house to avoid exposure.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London Observer reports that the Benchers of Gray's Inn held another conference to consider the Case of Dr. Kenelly, upon issues arising of the late Tichborne trial, and for articles published in the Englishman. It was decided to deprive Dr. Kenelly of his membership and to further consider the question of expelling him from the Bar, if publications in the Englishman continue.

ADVICES from Brussels report that the Spanish delegates to the International Congress have been instructed from Madrid not to participate in the deliberations, because the Spanish Government is yet unrecognized by the European Powers.

A Herald special from Paris states that serious complications have arisen between Germany and France concerning Spanish affairs, and that a diplomatic rupture between these powers is threatened.

THE Police are again searching the houses of prominent Bonapartists.

Prince Bismarck, whose health has lately improved, will leave Kissingen in a fortnight.

THE Standard says the report that England, Germany and Italy have agreed to watch the Spanish Coast is denied. Germany has not proposed intervention to Austria, but the latter is ready to join other Powers in acknowledgment of the Spanish Republic.

Two American base-ball clubs (Athletic and Boston) at present in London, are exciting the astonishment of the average Britisher who is willingly disturbing his shillings to see the "blasted game."

On the 21st July the Lord Mayor of London gave a grand dinner in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House to distinguished representatives of literature art and music. Adeline Patti was amongst the guests, as were Messrs G. A. Sala of the London, and Sauer of the American Press. Mr. Disraeli expressed a wish that this banquet might form a precedent for the future.

THE Public worship Regulation bill passed to a third reading in the House of Commons on the 3d. It is reported that Roman Catholic bishops have forwarded to the Government a protest declaring that they cannot submit to one-sided laws, claiming that the legislative power in matters concerning the Church belong to the Pope alone.

THE Spanish Government is about to dispatch twelve thousand additional troops to Cuba.

It is asserted that the Carlists have shot a Cannon of the Diocese of Victoria.

REPUBLICAN forces have entered Olot. They met with no opposition. The Carlists fled, leaving behind them 1000 prisoners.

THE British Mediterranean squadron has left Malta for Barcelona. An Italian frigate has been ordered to the northern coast of Spain.

Le Temps says Germany and England have arrived at an understanding on the Spanish question, and hereafter no complaints will be made if British ships conveying contraband of war to the Carlists are seized.

DOUGLASS DUTCH, the French explorer of Africa, was killed recently by marauders, while crossing the Desert of Sahara.

It is said that the French troops guarding the Spanish frontier have been reinforced, and rigorous measures are ordered to prevent uniformed Carlists from crossing the boundary.

BOTHAM, in the House of Commons said Great Britain had no intention of taking part in armed intervention in Spain, and had no reason to suppose that other European powers had.

It is rumored that a postal convention has been concluded between France and the Carlists.

THE House of Lords threw out an important amendment made by the House of Commons to the Public Worship Regulation bill, granting parishioners the right of appeal to the Archbishop in case a clergyman for ritualistic practices. The House of Lords coincides with the views of Gladstone, who is an earnest opponent of the amendment.

LONDON, August 5.—During the discussion of the Public Worship Regulation bill in the House of Commons, Disraeli, referring to the strife between Church and State on the Continent, expressed the conviction that, however financial might be the general state of Europe, there were agencies at work preparing a period of great disturbance.

LATEST European mail advices are not so good as previously reported.

PARIS, August 5.—The Assembly to-day voted the entire Budget, and President Buffet declared the session closed. A meeting of Deputies of the Left was held to-day, at which it was resolved to agitate in favor of a general election, for the reason that the present Government is anti-Republican and does not represent the people; the Legitimists, on the other hand, threaten to renew their intrigues for a monarchy.

THE German men-of-war "Nautilus" and "Albatross" will sail for Spain on the 8th instant.

It is learned on official sources that the British Government disapproves the proposition for armed interference in the affairs of Spain.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1874.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

BY ROBERT D. JOYCE.

He grasped his ponderous hammer, he could not stand it more,
To hear the bombshells bursting, and thundering bat-
tle roar.

He said, "The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's
murdering crew—
I'll try my hammer on their heads, and see what that
can do!

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;
Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not
about or shell!

"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait—for Sars-
field's on the wall.
And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or
fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the
street,
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet;
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts
they stood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you,
swarthy Ned,
This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutch-
man's head!

Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're mounting gal-
lantly;
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this
and me!"

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain
brave,
A captain of the grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and
glive:

He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast thro' skull and helmet the hammer found his
brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright thro' the murk of battle his helmet flashed with
gold.

"Gold is no match for iron!" the doughty blacksmith
said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foe's man's
head.

"Hurrah for gallant Limerick!" black Ned and Moran
cried,
As on the Dutchman's leaden heads their hammers well
they wield.

A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a
groan,
One leapt into the lurid air, and down the breach was
thrown!

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware
the treacherous mine—
Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely
death is thine!"

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leapt the blood-
stained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foemen, breach,
and all!

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen thro'
the sky;

And dark and bloody was the shower that round the
blacksmith fell—
He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avenged
well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down
"Twas broken by a triumph-shout that shook the ancient
town;

As out his heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts
can do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river
side;
He hammered on the foe's pontoon, to sink it in the
tide;

The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or
strain—
"Mavroon, 'twon't break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll
try their heads again!"

He rushed upon the flying ranks—his hammer ne'er was
slack,
For in thro' blood and bone it crashed, thro' helmet, and
thru' jack!

He's a sea Holland captain beside the red pontoon,
And "Wait you here," he boldly cries, "I'll send you
back full soon.

"Doesn't this gory hammer? It cracked some skulls
to-day,
And yours 'twill crack, if you don't stand and list to
what I say:

Here, take it to your cursed king, and tell him softly,
too,
'Twould be acquainted with his skull, if he were here,
not you!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and I lew his bellows
strong,
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song:
"Ochone! my boys are dead," he cried, "their loss I'll
long deplore,

But comfort's in my heart, their graves are red with for-
eign gore!"

THE SHAN CIVILISED.—The London corres-
pondent of the Manchester Guardian writes:—Among
the stories more or less fabulous that were current re-
specting the Shan of Persia soon after that monarch left
our shores was one to the effect that his Majesty had or-
dered to be sent after him to Toheran a gullotine, a gal-
lows, and corps de ballet. For the truth, or even for the
fiction of these rumors, I do not pretend to vouch, but
certain it is that the Shan has taken the much more sen-
sible course of engaging a number of English artisans
for employment in the Persian capital. His Majesty is
about to erect a palace on the English model. I hear
also that one firm of upholsterers in Oxford street has
already sent out twenty-eight first-class artificers to as-
ist in fitting up modern European furniture in the ex-
isting Imperial residence.

BREAD RIOTS IN ITALY.—A letter from Padua,
in *Californian's Messenger*, states that disorders have oc-
curred there in consequence of the high price of bread
and provisions. Demonstrations had already taken place,
and cries of "Polenta at fourteen centimes!" had been
raised, but no steps had been taken by the Municipality
to give satisfaction to the people. On the evening of the
20th a crowd of men and women assembled in the prin-
cipal square, where a military band was playing, and
drowned the music with cries of "Down with the rich!"
They insulted the well-dressed people sitting outside
the cafes, and broke the windows of those establish-
ments. Similar disturbances occurred on the succeed-
ing evenings, until measures were adopted by the Mayor
to reduce the cost of the most necessary article of food.

Typical Legislators.

[From the Belfast Weekly Examiner.]

Last week two interesting young gentlemen
were convicted of theft at the Middlesex Ses-
sions, and on their trial it transpired that they
belonged to a brotherhood of the road known as
the "Happy Dossers." The sobriquet is a
peculiar one, and would prove exceedingly puzzling
to the uninitiated but for an explanation
volunteered by a police-officer while the case of
the interesting criminals was undergoing ex-
amination. After the jury had returned their
verdict, the police-officer alluded to informed
his worship that the prisoners belonged to the
gang known as the "Happy Dossers," which
meant sleepers, and that previous to their arrest
neither of them had slept in a bed for seven
weeks. The young gentlemen were so devoted
to the pursuit of their profession that they were
contented to take a nap under any conditions
favorable to a prompt turn out, rather than cul-
tivate the indolent and incalculable habit of
luxurious repose in a four-poster or other bed.

A paragraph anent the Home Rule debate,
furnished by a London correspondent to the
Edinburgh Daily Review, suggests to us that the
House of Commons, under certain conditions,
might not inappropriately be classed with the
"Happy Dossers," but so far only as the in-
clination to indulge a soporiferous desire under
unfavorable circumstances is concerned. Dur-
ing the first evening of the Home Rule debate,
the House, if we are to credit the correspondent
referred to, was in a most hopeless state of som-
nolence. Sleep, the irresistible goddess, waved
her wand over the wisdom of the world, and, oh,
ridiculous thought! it absolutely snored—snored
like the ungilded axle of a knife-grinder's
machine. All the great men of the "Commons"
delights to call the Legislature, yielded to the
somniafic power of the debate on Ireland, and
the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed of the
assembled wisdom of the Empire inclining itself
to snore under conditions that a member of the
"Happy Dossers" would doubtless regard as
sublime. St. Stephen's became a veritable
Sleepy Hollow, and the first assembly of gentle-
men in the foremost country of the world went
off, like Rip Van Winkle, into profound repose
under the soothing influence of Irish eloquence.
Morpheus claimed the deliberative eloquence as
his own, and Mab, doubtless, cantered across
the noses of the drowsy members, producing
such dreams as only snoring senators in mo-
ments of sublime felicity could enjoy. In those
happy moments of rest what campaigns must
have been fought to a successful issue against
recalcitrant Ireland! How military legislators
at the head of a powerful battalion must have
crushed and trampled the hosts of discontent in
the irreconcilable island! With what a power
the triumphant levies of the empire must have
borne down the defeated ranks of Home Rule,
and dispersed the dissatisfied "agitators," who
clamored for justice to Ireland! Justice to Ireland,
forsooth, from a Parliament that affects to sleep
while the most vital question of the hour—
question touching the very existence of the Irish
race—is under discussion! It is no wonder, in-
deed, that the people of Ireland begin to despair
of ever obtaining beneficial measures from En-
gland when, in the House of Commons, in a
moment of supreme importance, those whose
duty it is to provide for the prosperity and wel-
fare of the nation can advance no stronger argu-
ment to our respect and confidence than by imitating
the "Happy Dossers," and going off to the
benches into a concerted snore. If the picture
drawn of the appearance of the House of Com-
mons afforded on the first evening of the Home
Rule debate be accurate, what conclusion can
we form other than that it is hopeless to look for
any good to Ireland from such a source? We
have no wish to make that picture darker or
more dreary than we find it, and lest we should
be accused of a desire to give it a tone it does
not merit we will here subjoin the correspond-
ent's own words. He says:

"It is now a few minutes of midnight, and the
House presents a remarkable appearance. It is
crowded; and whilst the Marquis of Hartington
is slaying the shin in a speech which—if there
was any need for it—would be a capital one,
every third man is asleep. The Treasury bench
is closely packed, and Mr. Disraeli, looking
worn and fagged out, is the only man on it who
is awake. Sir Selwyn Ibbotson is the end man
near the gangway, and though fast asleep is
cleverly packing up the rest. Next to him is Mr.
Selator Booth, with his hat dexterously balanced
over his eyes; next sits Lord John Manners,
with arms folded and legs stretched, sleeping
like a child. Mr. Disraeli comes next, and this
side of him is 'that Levithan,' Mr. Ward Hunt,
who, I fear, is not only asleep, but is snoring.
Mr. Gathorne Hardy has got his hat off, and is
sleeping with added comfort. Sir Michael Hicks
Beach, remembering his position as Secretary
for Ireland, is struggling gallantly against the
demon sleep. Mr. Cross has given up the battle,
and so has Sir Stafford Northcote, who, like Mr.
Selator Booth, is skilfully balancing his hat over
his eyes. On the third seat behind, Mr. Conolly,
who has brought down a lot of big books to
pitch at the heads of his fellow-countrymen on
the other side, has gone to sleep over them. Sir
John Hay, fast asleep on the corner seat of the
Treasury bench, is hanging his head over the
back of the seat in a really dangerous manner.
It is the same wherever you look—the only live
persons in the place apparently being the Most
Noble Marquis at the table and Mr. Dawson
Damer, who is purposelessly wandering about
from gangway to gangway seeking rest and find-
ing none."

Here is a picture to inspire Irishmen with a
feeling of profound admiration for the Assembly
they look to in hope of obtaining self-government.
We ask for the means of making our country
happy and prosperous—the means whereby her
fisheries may be fostered and developed, her
manufactures extended, her agriculture encour-
aged, and her people induced to remain at home,
and the response is a grunt or a snore from
"Levithans" like Ward Hunt, who have no
time to spare from sleep to bestow upon so
trivial a subject. "Happy Dossers," as they are,
they cannot afford to treat Ireland with studied
disregard; but a time will come round—that
arises in the world's progress, to which Mr. Dis-
raeli, in a moment of wakefulness alluded—
when the matter will excite a little more concern,
and somnolent influences will be less powerful
when the Irish question is under debate than
they have been on recent occasions. England

cannot always escape difficulty by the payment
of ready money to appease the ire of exacting
enemies. Her statesmen have but one argu-
ment now to answer all Irish demands—the
argument of force. With that stone in the
sleeve there is no denying that they are masters
of the situation. But let a powerful rival spring
up—let Germany, America, or Russia enter the
lists against England, and what becomes of it
then? Can the "Happy Dossers," who sleep the
sleep of indifference, and only wake up from
their snore when the division bell rouses them
to say "No" against Ireland, answer the ques-
tion? They may be called upon sooner than
they imagine to give a reply. Six months suf-
ficed to draw France from the pinnacles of glory
and sink her into a state of pitiable helples-
ness, and France had no Ireland to accelerate
her downfall. What is possible in one case is
not impossible in another. Those jubilant
writers who take pride in describing the studied
disregard of this important Irish question shown
by English members of Parliament should re-
member these things and modify their delight
in the fact. We hope the future historian
will not have to record the fact that the fore-
most of the world's deliberative assemblies
snored and emulated the "Happy Dossers"
while the British Empire was experiencing the
incipient throes of dissolution. It will not do
to treat Ireland in this manner. She must re-
ceive justice in order that the connection be-
tween the three countries forming the United
Kingdom may be strengthened. If "Levithans"
like Mr. Ward Hunt and statesmen like
Mr. Cross must have sleep let them retire from
public life and repose in sleep where their
slumbers will not be chronicled by prying cor-
respondents. Force is a bad form of Govern-
ment, and those who sleep in its confidence
may wake up to serious disappointment. Sleepy
legislators should take the truth to heart that in
the affairs of nations as of men there is a tide
whose flow it is important to take advantage of.
The hare slept while the tortoise reached the goal.
Ireland will not grow weary in the cause of self-
legislation however much English statesmen
may sleep or threaten in their antagonism to its
realization.

Bismarck.

[From the American Gael.]

When Cromwell had attained the zenith of his
glorious (?) career—when England, desolated
by his ruthless soldiery for years, crouched be-
neath his domineering sway, the ambition he
had gratified brought with it a punishment which
rendered miserable the declining years of his
life. He was in continual dread of assassination.
He wore armor underneath his clothing; he mis-
trusted all, even those whose long services had
established a claim on his gratitude, while his
rest was continually disturbed by the most
frightful nightmares. Thus did Providence
visibly punish the tyrant whose cruelties had
filled the measure of his iniquities. His very
existence was a burden, and the mental torture
he experienced payed him slightly for his long
and unchecked career of political crime and
sacrilege. And thus has it ever been with those
who interfere unjustly with the religious feelings
of any people. History furnishes an abundance
of examples. But a few days ago the electric
current speaking on lightning wings informed
that Bismarck, the dictator of Europe—the
moulder of the destinies of the Teutonic race—
has had his life openly attempted by a fanatic,
who had probably experienced the blessings re-
sulting from his iron rule. The injuries in-
flicted were trivial, and the mighty prelate has es-
caped the danger with a slight wrist wound.
Bismarck will in future be more careful of his
person; but one who is thus compelled to keep
watch and ward on his existence must, indeed,
have a very sorry time of it. And yet the ex-
perience of the past might have taught Bismarck
that the worm trodden under foot will turn on
its destroyer. Not content with imposing the
most lawless and unbridled of exactions on our
country, and with content with robbing her ex-
chequer, depriving her of her fairest provinces
and persecuting her inhabitants by the presence
of a ruthless and degraded soldiery, he must
forsooth bring destruction into his own land.
Kingdoms and empires, with the destinies of
their people, are not alone the subject for Bis-
marck's diplomatic skill. Like the fabled god,
who would gain drive the chariot of Phobos,
like Daedalus, he would soar into regions where
his knowledge is a nothing. He would meddle
with matters pertaining to religion. The Church
which, for eighteen centuries, has weathered the
severest storms must now require the assistance
of Prussia's talented premier. But the first
scene in the great drama of Bismarck has
been enacted. Bismarck's life has been at-
tacked; and while we hold that the would-be
assassin should meet the punishment his crime
deserves, we cannot help regarding it as a warn-
ing to the premier. The old maxim of "An
eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," has
been supplanted by the mild teachings of the
Messiah in the New Testament; and it is but
just that the murderer should receive the penalty
demanded upon the one who takes the law into
his own hand. But revenge is pleasing to the
injured man who sees no prospect of legal
redress; and to the down-trodden victim of
tyranny and oppression the law of love is highly
distasteful.

Bismarck is outside the pale of his own laws;
and his actions moreover, much as they may be
condemned by a civilized people, have received
the sanction of his imperial master. The series
of persecutions he has instituted against the
Jews, and the bishops and priests of the Cath-
olic Church, has been considered as essential
for continuing the safety and preserving the in-
tegrity of the Empire. Ambition, like cunning,
frequently overreaches itself and defeats its own
end; and Bismarck, who has certainly display-
ed a wonderful degree of diplomatic skill, mani-
fests a continual blindness to a state of affairs
evident to the most illiterate peasant in the land
over which he tyrannizes. The lands of which
he has deprived France are far from secure; and
the time may come at any moment when what
now appears a spec in the horizon may become
a mighty storm charged with the avenging
thunder of an outraged people, and ready to pour
its destructive torrent on its persecutors. In
the event of another war with France, Prussia
cannot rely on her Catholic subjects. The
smaller states have been recipients of too many
petty tyrannies to advocate the cause of "Ester-
land," with much alacrity; their allegiance is ex-
acted, and little is to be expected from their
fidelity in time of need. The warning, too, that
the premier has received in the shape of the at-
tempted assassination will no doubt produce
some effect. His mind henceforth will be more
or less troubled with apprehension. It is to be
hoped that the lesson will produce salutary re-
sults. And little is to be expected that he will
reform to any considerable extent, still it
may open his eyes to the danger in which he is
at present, and thus compel him, at least for
policy's sake, to discontinue his systematic per-
secution of the Church.

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SILKS,

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And a full supply of

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Uses the Straight Sewing Needle, Self-Feeding
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STRUCTED to give it STRENGTH; all the parts of each
Machine being made alike by machinery, and beautifully
finished and ornamented. It is very easy to learn,
Rapid, Smooth and Silent in operation. Reliable at all
times, and a PRACTICAL, SCIENTIFIC, MECHANICAL INVEN-
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A Good, Cheap, Family Sewing Machine at last. The
first and only success in producing a valuable, substan-
tial and reliable low-priced Sewing Machine. Its ex-
treme low price reaches all conditions. Its simplicity
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merits make it a universal favorite wherever used, and
creates a rapid demand.

IT IS ALLY RECOMMENDED.

I can cheerfully and confidently recommend its use to
those who are wanting a really good Sewing Machine, at
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BUTTON HOLE WORKER.

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No 25 Third Street,

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MR. McGANN, RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES TO
his old friends, and the Public generally, that he
has recently returned from the East, with a Large Stock
of Hats and Caps suitable for all seasons, which he of-
fers for sale at very reasonable prices.
Don't forget the number.

25 Third Street.

PETER AGUIRRE.

FERNANDEZ & AGUIRRE,

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No. 320 Kearny St., bet. Pine and Bush.

Hats Made to Order and Renovated.

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Ulster and Ireland.

(From the Dublin Irishman.)

Perhaps the most remarkable fallacy of the recent Home Rule debate lay in the argument based on the supposition that Ulstermen are opposed to Home Rule. If there be anything equally remarkable with this, 'tis that no answer was offered to this monstrous fiction!

Yet the LEADER of the Home Rulers, Mr. Butt, might have stood up and said:—"I am an Ulsterman."

As a matter of history, Ulstermen have always been prominent, and often leaders in all movements of the kind. In order to root a strange prepossession clean out of the public mind, it is needful that we should glance at some of the facts of our country's political life. If after we have made our statement such a fiction continues to have force it will be due to the indifference of others—our duty shall have ended.

In the first place, we presume it will be admitted that the formation of the Irish Volunteers comes within the circle of our claim, for it manifestly tended to promote the cause of Home Rule. That being the case, we ask:—

"Where did Volunteerism begin?"

In Belfast. When, in 1778, the "Sovereign of Belfast," Stewart Burke, wrote to Dublin Castle, requesting that troops should be sent down to protect the place and people against the peril of privateers, the answer he got was, that the Lord Lieutenant could only spare "a troop or two of horse"—or "part of a company of invalids." The Belfast people did not understand how a troop or two of horse could prevent three or four privateers from landing; and they do not appear to have had such a high opinion of the prowess of part of a company of invalids as the Viceroy. If this was all the English representative of the British Monarch could do, they would try how Home Rule would manage matters under their own little "Sovereign of Belfast." They enrolled themselves as Volunteers, with splendid success.

Armagh followed Belfast. On the 1st of December of the same year the enrolment had begun, and Lord Charlemont was offered the command. He declined at first, because as Lord Lieutenant of the county he might be called on to command the militia—but on Grattan's advice, he consented in the January following.

The first Volunteers were Ulstermen. The Armagh Volunteers were Orangemen: as a proof of this, we quote this extract, for the consideration of all whom it may concern:—

"July 1, 1779.—Our three Volunteer companies paraded in their uniform, with Orange cockades, and first the volunteers with their usual steadiness and regularity, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne."

They were consequently Orangemen in politics—though the "Orange Society" did not then exist.

It follows, therefore, from the facts set out that not only Ulstermen but Orangemen (as we should now call them) were leaders in the great Home Rule movement of the Irish volunteers.

Does anyone assert that they acted as the instigator or as the encouragement of the Castle? To him we answer that he knew nothing of history who objects thus. Lord Buckinghamshire, in 1779, wrote to Lord Weymouth, explaining matters. The people of Belfast and Carrickfergus, he said had been officially informed (from the Castle) that the enemy meditated a descent upon the city, and that Government could only send them "sixty troops"—they had gone at once and arming themselves had formed three companies of Volunteers. The spirit had spread over the country, but the numbers enrolled were not so considerable as (so his lordship need not be alarmed).

"Discouragement," wrote Lord Buckinghamshire, "discouragement of the volunteers, on my part as far as might be without offence." The discouragement would have gone further but the moment was critical, and invasion imminent.

The Ulstermen and Orangemen, therefore, promoted this great Home Rule movement against the influence of the Castle, and in spite of the discouragement of the Viceroy!

So rapid was its growth, that there was, in the most northern parts, a considerable force enrolled by September, 1779.

In Coleraine there were, 210; in Antrim, 1,474; in Down, 2,241.

Perhaps, it will be supposed that when the Lord Lieutenant saw that Ulstermen and Orangemen were enrolled in such numbers, he would abandon mistrust and cordially foster and encourage their movement. But not at all. On May 28th, he wrote orders to England, showing that he had been considering how he could crush these Ulster and Orange Home Rulers, but that he had found the attempt too difficult to undertake. "The seizing of their arms would have been a violent expedient, and the preventing them assembling—without a military force, impracticable." "The English Viceroy had not a military force sufficient to muster against these Ulster and Orange Home Rulers."

The Ulster people were altogether with this Home Rule movement, and the enthusiastic reception of Lord CHARLEMONT at Belfast gives evidence of this.

The name of Ulster is most prominently connected with the movement, both by its beginning, and by the conversion of Dungannon, organized as the Armagh meeting.

The first Ulster Regiment, commanded by CHARLEMONT, sent its delegates, chiefly officers, to meet at Armagh, on the last days of December, 1781. These gentlemen who had solemnly commemorated the Battle of the Boyne, in July—these Ulster Orangemen passed the following resolution:—

"Resolved—That with the utmost concern we behold the little attention paid to the constitutional rights of this Kingdom, by the majority of those whose duty it is to establish and preserve the same."

These Ulster Orangemen next resolved that, in order to restore the constitution to its gravity, a meeting should be held "in the most central town of the Province of Ulster, which we conceive to be Dungannon," to which all the Ulster Volunteers were requested to send delegates. The Representatives of thirty thousand armed Ulstermen—Orangemen in politics, and all Protestants in religion, met in Dungannon on the 15th February, 1782, and passed, amongst others, this famous resolution:—

"Resolved, unanimously, that a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this Kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and grievance."

The nobility, gentry and people of Ulster spoke by the organ of that meeting in the church of Dungannon, and their voice was re-echoed by similar meetings held under the auspices of

Lord Clanciarde in Connaught, Lord Kingsborough in Munster, and Flood in Leinster.

We think here is proof enough that Ulstermen, and even Ulster Orangemen took the lead and kept the lead in this great Home Rule movement of the Volunteers.

The first company of Volunteers was formed in Belfast—in Ulster.

The first Club of United Irishmen was formed in Belfast—in Ulster.

That fact can be established by a short extract from the memoirs of Wolfe Tones. Here is his statement:—"I was invited," he wrote, "to spend a few days in Belfast in order to assist in forming the first club of United Irishmen. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of observing how peculiarly fortunate, I esteem myself in having formed connections with Samuel Neilson, Robert Simms, William Simms, Robert Sinclair, Thomas McCabe, I may as well stop here, for commemorating my personal friends, I find I am in fact making out a list of the men of Belfast most distinguished for their virtue, talent, and patriotism. We founded our club. . . . I returned to Dublin with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest, and if possible to form in the capital a club of United Irishmen."

It must be tolerably well-known in Ireland (however it be ignored in Parliament) that the "Northern Star" and the "Morning Star"—the organs of the United Irishmen—were published in Belfast. Belfast, in fact, was not only the starting point, but the virtual centre of United Irishmen: and that doubtless because as Tones remarked, "the Dissenters of the North, and more especially of the town of Belfast, and from the superior diffusion of political information among them, sincere and enlightened Republicans."

Thus it is shown that the next great movement which even went beyond Home Rule into the region of theories of Government—that the great Republican movement of the United Irishmen was originated by Ulstermen, in Ulster, and history shows that it was largely conducted by Ulster Protestants and Presbyterians.

Compared with these movements, Repeal was a mild and tame affair, and perhaps, on that account did not originate in Ulster though it took up the traditions of the Ulstermen, who originated the Volunteers. There were, of course, Protestant Repealers as well as Catholics—but the "moral force" doctrine seemed too quiet and pacific for the fiery Ulster Dissenters. Under their influence this movement was modified.

The Young Ireland movement—or Physical Force movement—recognized in its most admired chief an "Ulster Presbyterian," in the person of John Mitchel. Another of its principal men was John Martin, who also was an "Ulster Presbyterian." A third was Charles Gavan Duffy, who was an Ulster Catholic—whom "The Vindictor" took up the traditions of the

of the Ulster popular press, and who finally founded in the Irish capital an organ of Young Irelandism.

One of the principals of the Fenian movement was an Ulster Presbyterian clergyman, and its ranks were largely recruited amongst Orangemen.

Finally, the Home Rule movement of the present day, recognizes as its leader and chief, Mr. Isaac Butt—an Ulsterman from the County of Donegal.

We place these facts before the public and call the especial attention to them of those who have mentioned Ulster in the late debate. Strike out the work and influence of Ulstermen from the history of Ireland, and say where would have been the mighty movements they originated or conducted, or both?

Those Cruel Hoaxes.

Why will the press insist on fooling its contemporaries and the public at large in such a shameful and pertentious manner? We recollect, at the time the Mead House was pulled down, seeing flying paragraphs in most of the dailies about the horrible revelations of gambling apparitions there disclosed. So circumstantial were they, and so rigid in accuracy of detail, that we almost believed them, and were only disabused of our sensational hallucination by a personal inspection of the premises in question, and a strict inquiry of the workmen engaged. But papers published "ten thousand miles away" have no such means of verification, and we have actually found the following paragraph, printed in all good faith, and evidently nothing doubting, in a valued north of Ireland exchange, just to hand. In a couple of months more we may hear of A. S. Heep's fate from a similar source:—

A CALIFORNIA GAMBLING DEN.

The gambling fraternity of San Francisco have been considerably perturbed by the recent disclosures regarding the demolition of the Mead House, a den where the unwary have been roundly fleeced, in great numbers, and whose proprietors realized a profit of \$65,000 yearly. In one of the rooms on the upper floors was an arrangement which enabled a player to know exactly what his opponent held. Directly over the table, in the centre of the room, was a small hole in the ceiling, through which a confederate watched the game. Wires ran along the ceiling to the floor, and thence in levers beneath the carpet, upon which the cheating gambler placed his feet. As the wires were pulled the number of taps telegraphed the course to pursue. The faro room was the most ingeniously contrived thing in the house. In the first place, wires ran from the floor, so that a signal was given when it opened, and in an instant everything was in readiness for the drop. This was accomplished by two levers and a space beneath let into the floor. In a second the gamblers withdrew from the table, each man of course grabbing his cheques and money, and by motion of the levers the yawning floor opened, and down went the whole "lay out." The carpet was then drawn over the spot, and when the officers how in sight there was nothing in the shape of gamblers' implements to be seen. In the house there were taken out no less than one hundred and fifty wires, and several contrivances for suddenly hiding gambling implements.

The IRISH ELEGY. As some laborers were engaged in the excavation of the bed of a steamboat slip at Belleisle, on the banks of Upper Longue River, lately, they discovered the skeleton of a very large deer, supposed to be that of an Irish elk, a species of deer long since extinct. The remains, which were embedded in an alluvial deposit about twelve feet from the surface, are in a tolerably good state of preservation. The front of skull, from tip of nose to top of forehead, measures 31 inches; between eyes, 5 1/2 inches; between horns, 9 1/2 inches. One horn, with immense antlers, alone remaining, measures 4 feet in length and 18 inches in girth at thickest part.

Business Directory.

27 We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the NATIONALIST, each customer may rest assured of courteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.

California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny. Belmont Park, William Janke.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

M. F. Walsh, 305 1/2 Market street, corner Fifth. Thos Healy, 677 Mission street, near Third. Stephen Thomas, 142 Fourth street. William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).

BANKING.

Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N. E. corner Montgomery and Market streets.

BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.

Wood & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.

CLOTHING.

M. Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Steven street.

COGNAC AND TOBACCO.

B. O. Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell. Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

J. O'Connell, 69 Clay street, corner Drumm. J. O'Connell, 69 Clay street, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.

CONFECTIONERS.

Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.

CROCKERY.

Mountain & Raye, 718 Market st., west of Kearny.

DRY GOODS.

John O'Fallon & Co., 28 Kearny street.

FURNITURE.

Dr. S. H. Roberts, 143 1/2 Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &c.

John Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Isaac Selig, 218 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

McMahon, N. E. corner Fourth and Minna streets.

HATTERS.

P. Hartigan, 164 First street, cor Howard also, N. E. corner Twelfth and Folson streets.

HOTELS.

John J. Keardon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet P. Flynn & Son, cor Howard and Eighth streets.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

Washington Hotel, 619 Mission street, bet First and Second streets.

LIVERY STABLES.

San Rafael Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.

LIVERY STABLES.

John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Dillon & Kenney, 30 Third street, bet Mission and Market.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. Dray, 348 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barton's Yeast Powder, manufactory 211 and 213 Sacramento street, bet Third and Fourth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Philadelphia Brewery, Second street, near Folson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wm J. Bivette, Band Master 34 Irish Regt, N. G. C. Lafayette Brewery, 725 Second street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. O'Brien, 383 Montgomery street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Giant Powder Co., 210 Front street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Printing Houses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Compositors Printing Co., 505 Clay street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sewing Machines.

Buckley & Sewing Machine, cor Greenwich and Cort streets, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. M. Bryan, 130 3d street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

James McGinn, 717 Market street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wines and Liquors.

San Francisco Ball and Racket Court, T. Kelly, 846 Howard street, bet Fourth and Fifth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. F. Drury, 610 Market street, and 11 Post street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. J. McLaughlin, Russ House Saloon, Montgomery street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Day & Ward, 311 Sacramento street, bet Front and Davis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yale's Branch Saloon, cor Third and Market streets.

MEDICAL.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID
DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
QUICK CURES
MODERATE CHARGES
DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE

(FOUNDED IN 1853.)
No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street (a few doors below the What Cheer House). Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to conduct his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, UTERUS, AND GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz., Syphilis, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHOEA, GLEET, STRICTURE, NOCTURNAL EMISSION, BRUISES, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DYSURIA OF THE BACK AND LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients, who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their indebtedness to him. It will be seen their statements are fully substantiated by a Notary Public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonorrhea, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours,
San Francisco, June 18th, 1864.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, A. D. 1864.

S. A. SUGOLD, Notary Public.

Seminal Weakness—A Sober Certificate of Most Remarkable Success.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, induce me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Seminal Weakness" or "Seminal Debility," the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of vision, nervousness, and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was aware of this, and had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, and was ready to give up, when I met DR. DOHERTY. I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in discussing my case, and he gave me a full and complete description of my disease, and told me that he would cure me, and that he would not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the 5th of December last, I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks' treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 18th day of January, A. D. 1864.

[S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is enervated, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, who should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you; but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and aid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the country however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherly in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. The Doctor is a regular graduate, and may be consulted with perfect confidence.

If the case be fully and carefully described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purpose of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Communications at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed or no pay. Address,

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DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotency, or "Virtuality," being a short treatise on Seminal Weakness, or "Seminal Debility," Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs. It is a valuable work, and of great value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent gratis by mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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JOHN BURKE PHILLIPS,

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the hope of the people; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by Irish scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, and pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and so that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"
JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1863.

COUNTRY AGENTS FOR THE "IRISH NATIONALIST."

J. J. LANE.....Worcester, Contra Costa Co
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Agents Wanted.

We are anxious to secure agencies in the various cities and towns east of the Rocky Mountains as well as in the Pacific States and Territories, and to the right parties will offer special opportunities. We would thank friends to interest themselves in aiding us to forward this end, as we are determined to make THE IRISH NATIONALIST a true exponent of Irish feelings, and solely devoted to advance the cause of an INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL.

SOME of our hitherto delinquent subscribers have paid up—others are still in arrears. To the former we address our best thanks, to the latter our most earnest persuasions. By forwarding at once to this office the trifling amounts of your several indebtedness, you will enable us to supply you a still better paper in the future, and to make it a worthy exponent of the cause it advocates.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. S. O'B.—Thanks for your suggestion. We will not lose sight of it, but these things cannot be done all at once.

R. S., Sacramento.—We have the back numbers containing all that is yet published of Mr. Malone's "Reminiscences."

B. E., San Jose.—Mr. Butt is a North of Ireland Protestant. His career at the Irish bar was eminently successful, he having attained to the distinction of a "silk gown" in a shorter time than any other lawyer we at present recollect, six years from his call.

A. T., U. S. A.—The poem of Thackeray you allude to—"Shannon Shore," is a coarse satire on the patriots of '48. We will not publish it in this paper.

R. L. M.—Money order received. Many thanks for your kind wishes. If all our subscribers were as enthusiastic and punctual as you are we would speedily make this paper even better than you so kindly consider it.

THE Catholic Citizen of Newark, N. J., has been good enough to transfer from the columns of the IRISH NATIONALIST to its own, Lady Wilde's beautiful essay on "Ancient Irish Art," but it has not had the grace to acknowledge the source from which it received the greatest ornament of its issue. We received the essay in question direct from the pen of its gifted authoress, and consequently it is as much our own property as anything we possess. We have no possible objection to our contemporaries reproducing any or all of our original or contributed articles; but we would remind them that common honesty, as well as journalistic etiquette, demands a suitable acknowledgment. When the Irish World reprinted a poem from our columns "Light through the Storm Cloud" which we had received from the same source as the essay on "Ancient Irish Art," it candidly and fully gave us credit, and we were consequently pleased to see the poem appreciated at its deserts. We have frequently been subjected to these little petty thefts without acknowledgment (we presume every journal which contains interesting and able articles is) but we never cared to protest, or point out the plunderers. When, however, the larceny is of an essay running through two issues of our paper we think it is time to cry "stop thief!"

THE Messrs Baker, and T. McCarthy, proprietors and manager of Baker's diorama of Ireland, propose giving on Friday Night, an entertainment for the benefit of the orphans. We feel confident that the liberality of the public will second the liberality of the management, and secure an overflowing house on this occasion. Apart from the charity of the object, the intrinsic merit of the spectacle will well repay every visitor.

THE telegraph has given no further news of Mr. Mitchell's proceedings in Ireland, so we must wait for the slower and fuller reports of the mails. No news, however, is proverbially good news, and we may be assured that, had any overt act of oppression been attempted by the British government, we should have received intelligence of it. Mr. Mitchell is probably waiting to see how things will tend naturally, before he steps to the front and assumes their direction.

THE OBSCENE PICTORIAL PRESS.

We have before now had occasion to call attention to that low and obscene class of literature which is a disgrace to the civilization of the country, and which lives and fattens on the morbid taste, or still more morbid curiosity of a foolish public. It was in connection with the low ribaldry which the so-called comic press of London and New York indulges in, with a view to holding up the Irish race to ridicule, that we before referred to the subject, and our attention is directed to it once more by discovering in our midst a little pictorial sheet of the same character. This scurrilous little pamphlet, which rejoices in the inversely apt title of "The Jolly Giant," has all the malignancy of its larger contemporaries, and lacks only the ability to equal them in virulence and abuse. Religion seems to be the *bête noir* of this little giant, and against religion it accordingly launches all its venom, making up in reiteration what it lacks in force and point. Nothing is too safe nothing too pure and respected to be sacred from the foul contamination of its notice. The Catholic church, with all its venerated and time-honored ritual, the ministers of the Catholic religion, and the race that most widely professes it, are alike the objects of the little monster's scurrility. This being so, it may seem wonderful that such a sheet should be able to exist—that it should receive support enough to enable it to disseminate its faith. Some people may be surprised to learn that it receives its support from the very class whom it exists to vilify, that its most remunerative patrons are of that religion and that class upon which this graceless little sheet heaps week after week, the broadest and vilest of abuse. Yet so it is, it trades on the morbid curiosity of the people whom it abuses, and doubtless finds its account in so doing.

Do Catholics enjoy these coarse allusions to all they hold sacred, and these broad jests which could not excite a smile in any but the most depraved? Assuredly they do not, and yet they purchase this paper, and thereby furnish it with means to continue the scandalous publications. Perhaps they imagine that their patronage will do little to supporting the paper, and they feel what they call a natural, but what we should call a morbid curiosity to "see what is said about them." They may console themselves, then, with the thought that they are themselves directly responsible for a continuation of this obscene profanity, for the sheet in question has no other Patronage beyond what they thus extend to it. Withdraw the support of the class it lives by maligning, and the "Jolly Giant," and many a kindred publication elsewhere would be dead in a month. How much better would it be for every class of society to support the organ that supports them, and let the scurrility of the comic pictorial press find a maintenance amongst those to whom such topics are congenial. Papers of this kind will never die out as long as a diseased curiosity craves to learn their latest abomination and is willing to support them that it may learn it. The sheet in question is one of the worst of a bad class, for its profanity is unrelieved by the faintest scintilla of wit, and the coarseness of its caricatures is atoned for by neither talent, merit or execution. We hope Irishmen will have nothing further to do with the unclean thing, but will kill it, as all noxious reptiles may eventually be killed, by depriving it of its means of sustenance, which means, in this case, by treating it with the contempt it has so richly earned.

DISRAELI ON HOME RULE.

In another column we print a portion of the English Premier's speech on the Home Rule motion. "The lineal descendant of the impudent thief," to borrow O'CONNELL's words, never showed himself in more plain, and, at the same time, more despicable colors. He plays out what the English have always regarded as their trump card in the Irish suit. He harps on the worn out old string of bigotry and Catholic intolerance; he paints in glowing colors the confusion which would inevitably (so he says) arise from a separate government in Ireland, and doubtless considered his effort, in common with others of his party, as a master piece of irrefutable argument and fervid rhetoric. It is scarcely worth while to discuss any point with a party so wilfully blind as the Conservative, though some people may think Mr. Disraeli more accessible to argument as he has not been always a Conservative, but has seen fit to change his principles on a previous occasion. However, the arguments which induced his political recency are not such as it is in the power of the Irish party to bring forward, for all their logic appealed directly to the Rt. Hon. gentleman's self interest, an appeal which is rarely made in vain to British Statesmen.

In painting the anarchy which would result from what he is pleased to style "Catholic Rule" in Ireland, Mr. Disraeli dwells very eloquently on every possible and impossible political combination which can be distorted into a support of his position; but totally ignores the fact, which is every day thrust upon him, that the Catholics do not claim or seek any monopoly of power in Ireland or elsewhere. We might cite a hundred instances in proof of this position, but a few will suffice. The leader, the acknowledged leader, of this Home Rule party which is to subject (according to Mr. Disraeli) Ireland so completely to Catholic supremacy is not a Catholic. Mr. Butt is a Protestant. Mr. Mitchell, the universally esteemed and respected head of the old 48 party, and consequently of

the present platform of more advanced nationality is an Unitarian.

In several instances the influence of the Catholic clergy have been brought to bear at the recent election in a direction inimical to the Home Rule candidate. So much for the chief position Mr. Disraeli assumes, and scarcely one of the others is more tenable. We recommend our readers to peruse the portion we publish, and they will find every statement made by the Premier to be in direct contradiction to fact. We would recommend British statesmen to give up attempting to justify their position in regard to Ireland by words, for it can't be done. On our own side we are willing to give up controversy, for we have demonstrated the strength of our position ad nauseam, but without result. We have right on our side, and we know it; and though they will not listen to it, it is useless for them to attempt to prove us wrong. They will keep us while they can; we accept that as the true situation, and do not care to talk about it. When we are able to oppose force to force we will press our arguments upon them with a power that will constrain their attention. Till that time silence and preparation will suit us better than the triumphant refutation of every one of Mr. Disraeli's statements, and those of others who are tarred with the same brush.

BAKER'S DIORAMA OF IRELAND.

The Diorama of Ireland at present on exhibition at Pacific Hall, is one of the most complete of its kind we have ever beheld. It comprises every view of interest in the Emerald Isle, from the Giant's Causeway to the Lakes of Killarney. It is in exquisite taste, and enthusiastic crowds nightly testify their appreciation. Music, vocal and instrumental, is not wanting, and the most popular of Moore's exquisite melodies are done full justice to by the talented performers. The musical programme includes "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "The Coulin," "The Irish Emigrant," "Oh Erin, my Country," and other beautiful melodies, which are associated with our dearest recollections of our country. In "The Coulin," Mr. H. Baker fairly surpasses himself, rendering the plaintive old air in a manner which evokes all the pathos of the heart. Mrs. W. F. Baker, in "Oh Erin my Country," is simply inexpressible; her rich soprano playing along the high notes of that exquisite song in a manner that shows her at once a mistress of her art. She proves the versatility of her genius, too, by the easy manner in which she assumes the command of a song of different character, "Mother, he's going away," in which her success is no less marked. No one should lose a opportunity of paying this entertainment a visit. The music alone is worth more than the price of admission—fifty cents. The Diorama affords the pleasantest evening to be spent in the city.

THE "POST" AND CONNEMARA.

The Evening Post of July 31st, contains an article headed "Superstition on the West coast of Ireland" which it credits to a certain London periodical ycleped *Now-a-days*. The utter absurdity of its statements tempts us to reproduce it, so here it is:—

No priest lives in Inniskea, and when one goes there from the main land, he is sometimes wind-bound for a fortnight. There is a sort of fetish-worship here, consisting of incantations to a stone. The people pray for a storm to bring them wreck. Some years ago an inconspicuous sea captain got possession of the idol and broke it in pieces, but the fragments were carefully collected into a flannel bag, and the people treat the collective parts with the same veneration they paid to the whole. And so the last state of these men is worse than the first. Such is the wondrous tale. If it is true, no one will be surprised to hear that Inniskea possesses no school; that there was an old hedge teacher, but he went to America; that there is a sort of medicine-man who is superior in knowledge to the other islanders, and that he has influence enough to persuade them that learning is useless. All this sounds strange, but it is the evidence of men very well acquainted with the place. A similar practice is said to exist in Innishmurray, off the coast of Sligo. Here, however, the divinity is embodied in the figurehead of a ship, which is called "Josh;" those who have seen it say it is richly carved, and of ancient pattern. Can it be a relic of Spanish Armada and San Jose? It is not likely the wreckers ever had so good a harvest as after the destruction of Philip's armament. The priest once persuaded a merchant captain to carry Josh away with him, but he was washed ashore on Innishmurray, and the superstition is since more inveterate than ever. The island is a part of Lord Palmerston's property, and during his last visit to Ireland he made a voyage to this distant possession in company with an eccentric clergyman, who pronounced the weather favorable. The wind freshened, and the boatmen declared the return useless. The great man turned sharply round to reproach his reverend friend. "I thought, sir, you said it was a good day for going out?" "I said it was a good day for going out, but I said nothing about coming back," was the ready answer. And so the old statesman had to pass the night on the sea-beaten isle, the people doing their best to make him comfortable. Lord Palmerston's tenants on the main land suffered much from sand-storms, and he had bent grass sown on the whiffing dunes, and when a scanty surface had been formed, planted them with pinasters; the roots and leaves have made firm land, and tons of sand no longer find their way down people's chimneys. Perhaps the great foreign Secretary will be as gratefully remembered for this as for any of his notable achievements. *Nowadays*.

We scarcely know in what light to regard the act of the Editor of the Post in printing such an atrocious tissue of falsehoods. We will charitably believe that he did not know any better, and accepted the statements contained in good faith, on the authority of the cockney periodical. We would caution him, however, that he had better accept any information deposited to Ireland which may emanate from a similar source with considerable suspicion.

Nowadays, and such like productions, make capital in traducing Ireland and everything Irish, but we should have thought that Mr. George had encountered in this country Irishmen whose intellect and attainments would induce him to doubt that their native land was sunk in a grosser barbarism than Central Africa. The writer in *Nowadays* while treating of Innishmurray (or as it is pronounced *Jachmurray*) plunges into a region of wild romance. He asserts the inhabitants are heathens, idolaters, fetishmen, and what not. His powers of invention are, however, lamentably inferior to his voluble mendacity, so he borrows the superstition, and even the name of the deity, verbatim from the Chinese. Now the Chinese are in England a very little known race, and consequently the *Nowadays* man may borrow from them with impunity; but it strikes us here with a sense akin to bawdiness when we see authoritatively announced in the columns of the San Francisco Evening Post that the Western Irishmen worship Josh. The island of Inniskea is treated in the same manner, save that the narrator, with a diversity of incident that does him infinite credit, represents the inhabitants as worshipping a flannel bag full of broken stones. However, it is needless to pursue the subject further: excepting the portion of the article which refers to the sand-storms, and which is unfortunately true, as we have witnessed, there is not a line of truth from beginning to end. We hope that Mr. George will candidly accept the situation, and admit that his run after sensation has resulted in involving him in an absurd hoax. The article when it originally appeared was written to serve a purpose, and a malevolent one, but we believe in its reappearance here there was no absolute wrong intended.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

Paris, July 13th, 1874.

To the Editor of the Irish Nationalist.
SIR—After two nights' debating in the English Parliament, Mr. Butt's Home Rule scheme has been scornfully and almost unanimously rejected by that assembly. The twenty or thirty English advocates of Home Rule are either the mythical creations of sanguine or mendacious orators, or the famous 60 itself has already become false to its promises or neglectful of its duty. There were only 60 members who went into the same lobby with Mr. Butt. I have not yet read the full report of the second night's debate, so I cannot say how this number of 60 was made up. But what matter? The result is no disappointment to you or me. We never had any belief in English sympathies. Now as ever, the English will just give us what they can't help, and we'll just get what we can take; and 'tisn't Mr. Butt's mellifluous blarney that can make either party budge an inch.

But to come to the debate. How did Mr. Butt and the other Home Rulers come out of this second ordeal? This is very much a question of taste—and point of view. Does Home Rule mean loyalty to England (or the Empire), or does it mean loyalty to Ireland? People who think it means the former can have no particular objection to the tone of Col. White or the Chevalier O'Leary, and people who think it means the latter will be glad that Messrs. Brooks, Nolan, Redmond and McCarthy spared us on the present occasion the sad spectacle of their servility. Was Mr. Butt himself up to the night of his great argument? The Times newspaper thinks he was. I cannot altogether agree with the Times, but most certainly Mr. Butt spoke far better than on the former occasion, and his speech was far freer (though by no means altogether free) from that sort of matter to which I took exception. His speech was, in fact, manlier. And yet he constantly falters, and one scarcely knows what he means. "He was sorry to say that the Union rested on a crime as black as the partition of Poland." Sorry for what?—that England committed the crime, or that Ireland suffered from it? Mr. Butt said that the descent of the French upon Bantay Bay showed him that Ireland was the weak point of the English nation. If there were a war now, was the feeling of the people towards England bitterer than it was in that former time? Was not Ireland still the weak point of England? This was a subject upon which he did not wish to enlarge, but to which he must allude. There is little doubt about the meaning of this, at any rate; and it seems to me at least somewhat inconsistent with something Mr. Butt said on a former occasion. But then you never know exactly where to have Mr. Butt. I believe there are times in which he doesn't know where he is himself. "Wrong had driven a large proportion of the Irish people into the madness of insurrection or sympathy with insurrection. It was, indeed, the consciousness of this fact which made him set himself earnestly to work to devise a means of stopping this miserable series of abortive insurrections and revolts by which Ireland had been torn, and some of the best and bravest of her sons driven into exile." Now, I am not going to justify abortive insurrections, but I don't see that they are necessarily more mad than abortive agitations, though they are certainly more dangerous to the people involved in them. I am as anxious as Mr. Butt can possibly be to get out of that vicious circle in which we seem to be for ever moving; abortive insurrection to be followed by abortive agitation; and then insurrection again, and then agitation again; and so on. But which is the most abortive? That's just the question. Mr. Butt and the rest of them are for ever telling us that the "abortive" Feisin insurrection brought about the Church Bill and the Land Bill. Is Mr. Butt's agitation destined to produce likelier children than these? I fear not. If he gets what he wants, though I

do not exactly know what that is, I'll allow him right to cry out against the "madness of insurrection;" but till then he must excuse me for thinking that, however mad (or bad) insurrections may be, they are not always quite so abortive as agitations. Mr. Butt thinks (or says) that everybody must know what he means. "It was idle to maintain that the Irish electors did not know what Home Rule meant." If they do, they're far wiser than I am. I know what Home Rule means, and I know what Father O'Malley's Federal plan means, but at the utmost I can only guess at Mr. Butt's scheme. Mr. Butt has "set himself earnestly to work to devise a means," etc. I think he has as yet sadly wasted his energies. If he were no clearer in the Law Courts than he is on the platform or in the Senate, I think he'd gain but few suits.

I don't intend to bother you or myself about Col. White, who has turned up at last, after long and anxious enquiries as to his whereabouts, and I have but little space to give to that odd and aristocratic Romano-Hibernian, the Chevalier Keyes O'Leary. The Chevalier thinks it a singular merit of the Irish people that they fought for that base English King that the English themselves had very properly sent about his business. We all know what Irishmen have ever since thought about that precious king. I needn't give you the sobriquet which the Irish peasantry has given him, even if I could spell it, which I can't. But the Chevalier has a cultus for kings. Let him kneel, then, before as many dead Jameses and living Henrys and Carloses as he likes. The Chevalier does not, however, despise all constitutional arrangements; he only does not understand them. He talks of Sweden and Norway, and Austria and Hungary, and then goes on to recommend "the plan of the hon. and learned member from Somerset," "which would conciliate the Irish race in the United States." I only notice this last nonsense of the Chevalier because it is not peculiar to him. Nearly all the Rome Rulers argue in favor of Dualism and ask for Federalism.

I shall end for the present week with a few words about Mr. Sullivan's speech, which closed the first night's debate. It was not, I think quite as good from an oratorical point of view as his first effort, but it was far more spirited and Irish in its tone. Here is a specimen:—"It was not a question of postage-stamps, telegraph stations, exports and imports; but the true question for a ministry responsible to the Sovereign for the safety of the realm, and for the contentment and happiness of her people, was—Are you governing Ireland against her will? Is the Irish nation discontented or satisfied?" It is just the question. Is Ireland discontented? and is she likely to remain discontented? But, of course, Mr. Sullivan knows that every English Ministry knows that it is governing Ireland against her will, and he ought to know, but apparently does not, that English Ministers will go on governing Ireland against her will. Again, "he refused to allow the question of his country's national life to be reduced to the mere level of the pocket or the stomach." Just so. We wouldn't have these English even if we could get their roast beef and plum pudding along with them. But Mr. Sullivan is as hazy about Austria and Hungary as the rest of them. He compares the Home Rulers to the Deak party in Hungary. Why aren't they Repealers then? 'Tis very odd if Mr. Sullivan doesn't know that the Deak party has all along rejected the notion of a Federal arrangement with the other portions of the Austrian Empire; in fact, Hungary refuses to be anything but an independent Kingdom, with the Austrian Emperor as King.

I shall probably say something about the second night's debate next week.

AN IRISH EXILE.

Sons of the Emerald Isle.

We regret that this report of the ball, and distribution of prizes of the Sons of the Emerald Isle came too late for notice in our last week's issue. The ball was held in Irish American Hall, on the 29th ult., and the attendance was large and select. At 9 o'clock the President, Mr. Daniel Sheehan, announced that the distribution of prizes, some 35 in number, would commence. He introduced to the company Mr. Philip Rosen—an honorary member—whose was a historical sketch of the origin and progress of the society. It was received with remarkable appreciation. After the distribution of the prizes the guests enjoyed themselves once more in the merry dance to the strains of an excellent band, and broke up at a late hour, well satisfied with the evening's enjoyment. Everything was managed in the most orderly and efficient manner, and all present enjoyed the well conducted entertainment to the utmost.

St. Vincent's Orphan School.

On July 30th St. Vincent's Orphan School, situated about four miles from San Rafael, gave its twentieth annual exhibition. There was a large attendance, including Archbishop Alemany, Fathers Morrissey, Slattery, Gibney Powers, Kelly, of this city; Father Carragher, of San Rafael; Father Calkham, of Sacramento; Father Kelley, of Folsom; Bro. Justin, of St. Mary's College; Rev. E. N. Nutini, Vic. President and Prefect of St. Ignace's College; Bro. Patrick, Assistant General of the Order of Christian Brothers, Paris, and others. The school at present is superintended by Rev. Father Birmingham, and consists of over 250 pupils, ranging in age from five to sixteen years. Connected with the school is a large orchard. The scholars were examined in spelling, reading, history, arithmetic, algebra, physical geography and grammar, and acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner. The exercises were interspersed with recitations and vocal and instrumental music, and considerable proficiency was exhibited by the pupils. The salutatory was delivered by Charles Trainer, and John Ledwidge read the valedictory. Father Birmingham stated that the scholars have made satisfactory progress during the session.

Mrs. Wenzel killed two deer while coming to Santa Cruz, on Wednesday last, firing off-hand from the wagon, driven by her little son.

REMINISCENCES

Professional Reporter.

No. 5.
BY F. J. MALONE.
(Written for the IRISH NATIONALIST.)
OREGON STATESMEN AND STATESMANSHIP TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I was bred an Irish farmer's boy until I was nineteen. My father's farm was on the fertile plains of Meath, where the four counties of Meath, Louth, Monaghan and Cavan join, on the borders of Lake Bellahoe, (reader, look on the map of Ireland and hunt up that spot), where I was born. The old thatched Catholic chapel of "Ballynavoren"—which served for chapel and school-house in my day—was my *alma mater*. That the reader may know the writer, let me give the history of that old "chapel in the glen," for *Balla-na-four-an* signifies "the way of the spring," from a clear, cold rivulet that took its rise a few hundred yards above the chapel, and flowed past it. Many a time have I drank from it, and gambolled with the girls and boys on its banks, when,

"The playful children were let loose from school." It was built before "the Toleration Act" of 1793, when the British Government, becoming alarmed for the safety of aristocracy, endangered by the French Revolution of 1789, graciously condescended to recognise "the existence" of an "Irish Catholic." It was built in this fashion—in the least conspicuous place that could be found in the country—in a glen. Its walls were erected of mud and its roof of straw, by voluntary contributions of days' labor. When the worshippers went to Mass on Sunday mornings each carried a bundle of straw on his back and thatched it on to the roof before going inside to worship. A few miles distant was the "endowed" church of Ardagh, which had been the Catholic Church of the Parish before "the Reformation," and where, even to this day, notwithstanding it is an Episcopal church, the Catholics of the parish inter their dead in its church-yard. But outside of the church-yard, in an adjacent field, are the old sculptured stone chalices, with their inscriptions in Latin and Gaelic, showing what the place once was. Good reader, look there for the sources of my inspiration. If I am "an Irish Catholic," but not an Italian one, don't blame me. Catholicity and Irish Nationality, in the times from which I draw my inspiration, meant the same thing. The sources of that inspiration lie far back of 1789 and the French Revolution, when England and the Papacy, forgetting their mutual hatreds, drew nigh to one another.

Land and property, and almost the right to exist, had been denied my fathers. I felt it. As I said, I was raised a farmer's boy; on coming to America I had an insatiable desire to own land—the fee simple of the soil. I had read of how the feudal church and the feudal aristocracy of France had been destroyed and their lands parcelled out among the people. England, to prevent a like consummation in that country, had made war against France from 1793 to 1815. I left Washington in 1854 to come out and get land in Oregon under the "Donation Act" of 1848. I landed in San Francisco in May, 1854, from the steamer "Sierra Nevada," Capt. Tinklerpangh. St. Patrick's Church, and the Market street Orphan Asylum were then away out in the "sand hills." Father Magennis, its pastor, was a gruff, old dogmatist, who treated his congregation as if he was conscious of the servility in their souls. I had with me one dead child that died at sea, and whose remains I was bringing to Oregon, and one to be baptised, that was newly born. Your Catholic priest is taken by appearances as often as anybody else. At best, I have never been a dandy—in personal appearance. I was particularly rough-looking on that occasion I suppose, and when I applied to "his reverence" to christen my newly-born boy the old man assumed such a domineering air and aspect, that I believe if I had him outside of the altar rails I'd have knocked him down and kicked him for falling!! Above all things I never could bear "the insolence of place." I respect men for what's in them, not for what's on them. Tailors make clothes; it takes God to make a man. And the man who *lives* Christianity, and exhibits it in his conduct and bearing towards his fellow-man, has always been my *beau ideal* of a Christian—not him who preaches, and doesn't live it.

The little steamer *Peyton* took me and mine to Oregon from San Francisco, after a weary passage of seven days. We landed at Portland, then almost a forest. The black stumps filled what are now crowded streets. I stood in with the town proprietor, Daniel H. Lowndale, and he wanted me to "pitch my bob" for good in Portland, but I could not bring my mind to stay there if he had deeded to me the whole town site. He was a sagacious Westerner. I had never seen a log cabin until I entered the Columbia River. Indeed it used to puzzle me to conceive how a log cabin could be built. I imagined that it was impossible to pile the logs on top of one another without having them roll over. I have learned better since. I have even participated in the operation of making the logs stay in their places!

A few months in Portland brought on December, 1854, and the meeting of the Territorial Legislature. My services were then in demand. Can any of my readers imagine an Oregon legislator, of twenty years ago? If not, I fear words cannot "paint the picture." For an idea of a Willamette flood at that season, let the

reader read Burns' "Brigs of Ayer"—where

"Doon pours down his far-fetched floods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent sends
With seeming roar,
and he will have a faint idea of it.

At such a season and amidst such a scene I step on board a Willamette river steamer of twenty years ago, to attend the meeting of the Legislature at Salem. We pull off from the wharf, and sail pleasantly on the bosom of the savagely-grand river until we approach the "Clackamas Rapids," near Oregon City, twelve miles from Portland. There our little weakling of a steamer is brought to a dead halt, and we have to throw out lines, attach them to stumps on the river bank, and try what virtue there is in the capstan. After tugging and hauling, and shutting down the safety valve, we manage to "make the riffle," and get to Oregon City in the evening—ten hours from Portland—almost as quick as the jockey's horse which was famed for traveling "sixteen miles in fifteen hours!" A word of Oregon City and two of its venerable men. Oregon City is the scene of the famous "Falls of the Willamette." They are a great attraction to tourists, and to picture makers, but the greatest attraction to me of Oregon City at that time was the venerable Dr. McLaughlin, ex-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Archbishop Blanchett. I had read of both long before in "Irving's Astoria," but had not known them personally then. I learned to know and love them afterwards. The Archbishop used to visit me afterwards at "my cabin in the woods," in the Valley of the Umpqua, and I learned to love and esteem him as a sample of what—from that beautiful poem of early Christian life, Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola"—I conceived to be the ideal of an early Christian churchman, before the church had ascended the throne of the Cæsars with Constantine. The grand old man had crossed the continent from Canada as early as 1836 or 1838, with the *voyageurs* of the Hudson's Bay Company as a simple priest, and for years and years, had endured all the hardships incident to pioneer life. And such a life as he led! He once showed me an old buffalo robe, sewed up in the shape of a sack, in which he had slept for many years, because he could not afford a better bed! I at one time made a visit with him to the South Umpqua settlement—a settlement of half-breed Indians and French—and I actually became alarmed for his personal safety from the physical demonstrations of affection which his converts from Heathenism lavished upon him. They had not seen him for many years, and it was really touching to see the old squaws hug and kiss him as if he was a long-lost child, or parent who had returned to them from the grave. I ventured to remonstrate with him upon what, to me, seemed its unseemliness. He simply remarked, "My dear son, these are my children in Christ; I am their father, and we are all French people. You, born in colder climates, can't understand us." Then followed a week of masses, baptisms, confessions, marriages, &c. To the outlying habitations, where wagon or horseman could not travel, that missionary Archbishop, then nearly seventy years old, took his staff for a horse, and crossed over many miles of mountain and valley, to arrive, baptize, marry, or administer to the dying. If I, who walked without a cane, asked was he "tired" on ascending some mountain, he would meet me with the jocular remark, "I have the advantage over you—don't you see my horse," pointing to his walking stick.

But I am anticipating. We are on the Upper Willamette. We have made the portage at Oregon City. Now (1874) it is canalised and locked. We strive against the boiling, seething flood for many hours, and reach Salem, 45 miles from Portland, on the evening of the second day. We land by throwing out a plank from the boat to the bank, and walk up to the "Holman House," the only hotel then in Salem. The hotel and its surroundings were rough. A large fire blazed in the open fire-place. The sitting-room was full. All strangers to me, and I to them, then. They were mostly the members of the Legislature, which was to assemble next day, with here and there a sprinkling of all other sorts of people. Some were cracking jokes; others were silent and meditative. One was a clerical looking gentleman whom I had then met for the first time. He sat alone and apart by himself. Something in his appearance and manner attracted me. Not his clerical appearance, for there are clerical appearances and "white chokers" that I instinctively despise. But the benevolent face, that seemed to say:

"Gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gawk a whinner wrang
To *they* *and* *it* *is* *human*."

won me at once to his side, strangers as we were to each other. We needed no introduction. I have always been a creature of feeling rather than of judgment; hating some people and liking others without knowing why. In that dismal, smoky room, surrounded by tobacco fumes, political gabble and snuffy stories—for "Jim Nesmith" was there, and where has "Jim" ever been without telling a yarn? I met for the first time Father James Crooks, at present Vicar General of the Archdiocese of San Francisco. He was then a missionary among the Oregon Indians, and many a winter night did he sleep in the open air with only his saddle blanket for a covering, and got up in the morning from under many inches of snow.

Others, too, were in that "Holman House," who have since become famous. Judge Williams, who is now Attorney General of the United States, was there. Dr. A. C. Henry was a client of the Tamhill County. The Dr. was a famous politician of the old Wing school. He was drowned in 1868, on the steamer "Brother Jonathan," on the voyage from San Francisco to

Portland. He was then returning from Washington, D. C., to Washington Territory with a commission in his pocket as Governor of that Territory. The Dr. was the first man whom I had ever heard mention the name of the now famous Abraham Lincoln. It happened in this wise: "Kansas Nebraska" was then raging in all political circles. Douglas had introduced his celebrated "stump speech" into the belly of his bill, declaring that "the true intent and meaning thereof was not to legislate slavery into, or out of the Territories, but to leave the people to choose for themselves." The "one-horse" Legislature of Oregon, of course, must get up "an expression of opinion" on the subject. Why not? Does anybody imagine that there aren't abject office-holders—dependent upon the Federal Administration—in Territories? Why, the very breath of the Territorial nostrils is Federal patronage. It supports and pays all the expenses of Territorial pupillage, or vassalage, and generally reserves to itself the right to alter, amend, or repeal all Territorial laws. In 1854 Frank Pierce's office-holders in Oregon were not to be outdone in loyalty to the hand that fed them. The Democrats, headed by Delazon Smith—an able debater, but a poor politician—introduced resolutions into the Legislature endorsing Mr. Douglas's bill repealing the "Missouri Compromise" of 1819. The Whigs, with Dr. Henry at their head, opposed. It fell to the lot of the reader's humble servant to report the debate. The term of Gen. James Shields in the United States Senate from Illinois was then about to expire. How that matter came to be dragged into the debate I, at present, disremember, but at any rate Delazon Smith, as became a true Democrat, hoped that Shields would be his own successor, and Dr. Henry, as became a loyal and dutiful Whig, hoped that Lyman Trumbull, or Abraham Lincoln, would succeed "the Irish Democrat." Then followed a reply from Smith, in which he raked and rated the poor doctor for an exhibition of "nativism," *Karoo-Nothingism*, Federalism, Hartford-Conventiomism, "Blue Lightism," etc., etc. Probably a part of this speech was directed to the reporter as much as to the country. I mention the matter merely because the name of Lincoln first fell on my ears during that debate. I am, however, anticipating my story. The good Dr., to show that he wasn't a bigot or a Know-Nothing—and though he was a good deal of a demagogue, nature never intended him for a bigot—proposed, in the Legislature, to elect Father Crooks chaplain! Then if you'd see the squirming of the "Liberal Democrats." To understand the effect of such a proposition as that in an Oregon Legislature twenty years ago, it ought to be observed that Oregon was principally settled by the Methodists, and that a large proportion of the members of the Legislature were of that denomination. Delazon Smith himself was a Methodist—had been a preacher of that denomination, and a very effective one—but he was a man of great nobleness of soul, and he effectually "took the wind out of the doctor's sails," by zealously and earnestly supporting the resolution. There were, however, small lights enough in the body—for bigotry is of every party and of no party—to defeat it. Delazon made many enemies among the pious persons and nervous old maids of the "Willamette Sewing Circle" by his vote and advocacy on that occasion.

Going back to the Holman House, there was another among the crowd assembled around that roaring log-fire scarcely less his inferior in oratory, and much his superior as a lawyer. I mean Hon. David Logan, a son of Judge Logan, of Illinois. Poor "Dave" is now no more. Like many another gifted man, he kept "putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," until, at last, the enemy sent him to his long home. He is but a few months dead. Peace to his ashes; and as he had no "prejudice against being prayed for after his death," I pray that he may have a happy resurrection. Californians will, perhaps, remember Logan best in connection with a tragic event that occurred at Portland in the spring, I think, of 1862. Everybody was "loyal" then, and if they weren't they ought to be; and, refusing to be so, ought to be made so. You know the Puritan's ideal of liberty, is to have liberty himself and the right to take what liberties he pleases with others! And as the Puritan element of American society was in the ascendant then, we had an exhibition of its spirit. It mattered little that men versed in the philosophy of history and of government bewailed the war, because they foresaw that out of it would grow an oligarchy that would supplant the rule of the people in the government of the country. No matter what their motives, if they dissented from the views of the "loyalists," they must be hounded down as "traitors, secessionists," &c. Bravos, braggers and ruffians, if they were only "loyal," and went about the country pole-raising and war-howling, could insult and maltreat whom they pleased with impunity. It was at such a time, and when such a spirit was abroad in the land, that David Logan—himself a Republican of Republicans—volunteered to defend, and defended successfully a victim of this "loyalty" mania in Portland. The victim was Ferdinand Patterson. It is true he was a "gambler," a "sport," "fast," had led a wild life in the mines, and perhaps, had done many evil deeds in his day, but not on this occasion. A drunken Senator from Oregon arrived at Portland on his way to Washington. His admirers, henchmen and bullies gathered around him. Some of them expect office from him. All would drink his whisky. They indulge in a parting carouse at his expense; they must do some noble (?) deed to perpetuate the memory of the occasion. What grander deed could be performed than to "clear out some secessionist?" Poor Captain Staples, of a steamship at that time plying between San Francisco and Portland, happened to be in port at that time, and thinking it good to be in the company of a United States Senator, mixes himself up in the mob. They light upon Patterson, and there in town; they use language displeasing to one

another; they threaten Patterson and he retorts; they follow him to his hotel. He takes to the head of the stairs, and warns the crowd below that he who advances upon him will do so at his peril. He who had braved the dangers of the deep a hundred times, and had looked at death on land and sea—he who had been lured to war—to show that he couldn't be dismayed, advances and is immediately shot dead. Like Bob Acres then the ruffians who drove him on to the rash deed "found their courage oozing out at their fingers' ends." They had driven the tiger to bay and none others of them dare advance. Patterson was arrested. There was much gabble about "lynching" among the cowards. Patterson was an avowed secessionist. Few of the lawyers of Portland dare risk their popularity in defending him. Then it was that David Logan volunteered to defend the right of an American citizen to think and speak. He did it, and did it nobly; he lost sight of the "traitor" and "secessionist" in the principle at stake, and he wrung from a reluctant jury and bench a ringing verdict of acquittal for his client. His speech on that occasion was never reported, but it was an effort of the sublimest grandeur. It contained passages equal to Baker's apostrophe to the comet, or Meagher's apostrophe to the sword. Such was one of the men whom fortune, or misfortune had placed in Oregon at that day, and whom I met for the first time together with Father Crooks, Judge Williams, Delazon Smith, Dr. Henry, Judge Bole, Deady and others at the Holman house. More of them hereafter. (To be Continued.)

AMUSEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

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MR. BARTON HILL, Acting Manager.

LAST WEEK

Of the favorite and peerless

L O T T A !

THURSDAY..... AUGUST 6th.
During the Week,

SATURDAY MATINEE.
Will be presented the brilliant Comic Drama, in 4 acts,
written expressly for Miss Lotta by Fred. Marsden,
entitled

Z I P !

MUSICAL AND TERPICHORAN FEATURES—
"Fishes and Crabs," Lotta and Robert Pateman.
New Operatic Medley, Selected from Off-musich, Lotta
and Robert Pateman. "La Fricassée," from "La Fille du
Mme. Angot," Lotta and Robert Pateman. French
Song, with Piano Accompaniment, Lotta.

In Act I, Point Lynde Light House, on the Coast of
Anglesea, painted and constructed expressly for the
occasion by W. T. Porter, John Torrence, and assistants.
In preparation—FIRE-FLY and TICKET-OF-LEAVE
MAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

John D. Lost, San Francisco. H. S. Crocker, Sacramento

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DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
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A. H. TODD, SALESMAN.

CITY AND COUNTY

TAXES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A CERTIFIED
copy of the PERSONAL PROPERTY Assessment Roll of
the City and County of San Francisco for the Fiscal Year
1874-1875, has this day been placed in my hands for col-
lection, and Taxes thereon are now due.

Taxes remaining unpaid after MONDAY, the 3d day of
August next, will be delinquent, and FIVE PER CENT.
ADDED thereon.

A. AUSTIN,
Tax Collector City and County of San Francisco. 1225tf

NOTICE

To Owners and Drivers of Vehicles.

THE ANNUAL LICENSE FOR THE YEAR ENDING

July 1, 1875, will become delinquent on the FIRST DAY
OF AUGUST, 1874, and if not paid on or before then
will subject the owners and drivers of vehicles to fine
and imprisonment, with an addition of 25 per cent. per
month. Should said drivers be absent from town, they
should be notified by their owners or drivers.

Peddlers and Bill Posters will avoid the heavy penal-
ties by their prompt payment of their License at office,
No. 7 City Hall, commencing at 10 A. M. E. P. BUCKLEY,
Collector of Licenses. 1225tf

Dog Licenses for 1875 Now Due.

NOTICE TO OWNERS.

ALL DOGS NOT PROVIDED WITH A NEW TAG

will be arrested by the Poundkeeper's Deputies on and

after AUGUST 1, 1874. Tag now ready at office, No. 7

City Hall. E. P. BUCKLEY,
Collector of Licenses. 1225

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA,

NORTHERN HOTEL,

Cor. Cortlandt and West Streets,

New York.

Steamship Passage Tickets, Railway Tick-
ets, etc. Drafts.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S "PRISON LIFE,"
Post Free, \$1 00.
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BROADWAY HOTEL,

No. 212 Broadway at bet. Battery and San-
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Board and Lodging per week, - - - \$5.00
Board and Lodging per Day, - - - \$1.00

This House is newly furnished with good Beds and
Bedding, which improvement every
traveler will appreciate.

Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of
Charge. Rooms close to the Oregon, San Diego and
Humboldt Steamers.

JOHN DONOHUE, - - Proprietor,
Late of Melbourne, Australia. 1241tf

BELMONT PARK

NOW OPEN AGAIN FOR THE PICNIC SEASON

A Military Companies and societies wishing to make
arrangements for pic-nics, will do well to visit these
grounds before going anywhere else, as they are this
season able to get railroad accommodations again. For
further particulars inquire of WM. J. ANKER, every day,
between 2 and 3 o'clock, at Smith's cigar store, corner
Washington and Kearny sts. 1621tf

South End Oyster House.

FOR the Freshest, Juiciest and Fattest Transplants
or California Oysters, or a good Wink Harb
or Crab Stew, go to

HANNING'S OYSTER HOUSE,
672 Howard St., near Third (late of the Blue Wing
Saloon). sep13-1f

NEW FRANKLIN HOUSE,

321 Pacific St.,

Corner of Sansome.....SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS HOUSE IS A FIRE-PROOF BUILDING, NEW-
ly built, and well ventilated. The rooms are fur-
nished with Spring Beds, and well arranged for families
or single persons.

Board and Lodging per Week from \$5 to \$7. Single
occasions by W. T. Porter, John Torrence, and assistants.
In preparation—FIRE-FLY and TICKET-OF-LEAVE
MAN.

Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House Free of
Charge.

H. DOHERTY, - Proprietors.
P. HANLEY. 1241tf

GOLDEN EAGLE HOTEL,

402, 404 & 406 Broadway,

Corner Montgomery.....SAN FRANCISCO.

THIS HOUSE IS NEWLY BUILT AND FURNISHED
thoroughly for the accommodation of the traveling
public in general. The rooms are furnished with spring
beds, and well arranged for families and single persons.
The table is always supplied with the best the market
affords. Second to none in the city.

Board and Lodging, per Week, \$5 00 to \$6 00; per
Day, \$1 00. Free Coach to the House.

DANIEL HARTNETT, late of Broadway Hotel,
JAMES BARRY, late of St. Nicholas Hotel, 1241tf

T. F. BAINES'

"Celtic Club House,"

1022 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Between Fifth and Sixth.

Always on hand an excellent Stock of Superior

Brandies, Wines, Liquors,
AND HAVANA CIGARS.
my23tf

CENTRAL HOTEL,

814 & 816 SANSOME ST.,

Near Broadway.....SAN FRANCISCO.

SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR FAMILIES—
All the rooms furnished with the best spring beds,
and every attention paid to the comfort of guests.

Board and Lodging, per Week, \$5 to \$6 per Week.
Board and Lodging, per Day, \$1 00 per Day.

The CENTRAL HOTEL COACH will be at every Rail-
road Depot and Steamboat Landing, to convey passengers
and baggage to the House free of charge.

JOHN MURRAY, Proprietor.
my24-1f

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

519 MISSION STREET,
Between First and Second.....SAN FRANCISCO

Board and Lodging per week.....\$4 50

Board and Lodging per Day.....1 00

Single Meals.....25

Lodging per Night.....50 and 25

Passengers and Baggage taken to this house free of
charge.

JOHN MURRAY, Proprietor.
my24-1f

MANHATTAN HOUSE

705 and 707 Front St., between Pacific and Broadway
.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging, per Week, - - - \$4 50.

Board, per Day, - - - 75c.

Good accommodations for Families.

N. B.—This House has just been renovated. Free
Coach to the House.

JAMES J. CORTY.....Proprietor
(Formerly of the Central House.) 124-1f

MONTGOMERY'S HOTEL.

227 & 229 Second street, San Francisco.

This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles

and offers Superior Accommodations to the public. The
Table is always supplied with the best the market
affords, and no pains will be spared to give guests the
comforts of a home.

Board per week.....\$3 50

Six Meal Tickets for.....1 00

Board and Lodging per Week.....4 00

Single Rooms, with Board, per week.....4 00

CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Proprietor.
my24-1f

GIANT POWDER.

To the Miners and others. You will save fifty per cent
by using the GIANT POWDER exclusively.

Giant Powder No. 2,
is superior to any other blasting material for bank blas-
ing, Coal Mines, and all medium hard rock.

PRICE—Fifty cents per pound.

RANDMAN, NIELSON, & Co., Gen. Agents.
No. 210 Front street, San Francisco. 124-1f

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1874.

THE HUDSON, RHINE AND SHANNON.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

When traitors to their sacred trust,
With Satan's self to lead 'em,
Polluted in the very dust
Our starry flag of Freedom,
Three comrades true sprang into line,
And manned a glowing cannon—
One from Hudson, one from Rhine,
And one from by the Shannon.

Along the banks of Rappidan,
From Fair Oaks to Antietam,
Where'er the tide of battle ran,
We met the foe and beat 'em;
And through the battle's fiercest breath,
Those three stood by their cannon,
For they had learned to laugh at death
By Hudson, Rhine and Shannon.

They were true brothers in one cause,
For they were sons of Freedom;
They fought for human rights and laws,
Where'er she chose to lead 'em;
As meet and blend, in God's deep sea,
The Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon,
So blend their souls in liberty—
Brave comrades of the cannon.

Three soldiers fell in one rich tide;
Their hot blood stained the heather.
Their comrades laid them, side by side,
In one red grave together.
Soft fall the dew upon their clay,
True comrades of the cannon,
Who sleep in death so far away
From Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon.

Comrades! around our camp-fires bright,
Here's to our starry banner,
That flies across the brow of night—
God's choicest blessings fan her!
And, while men worship Freedom's name,
They'll man each deck and cannon;
And fight for Freedom all the same,
By Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon.

WIT AND WISDOM.

An old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

In modern days people are accustomed to earn their living, but cremationists propose to urn their dead!

In going on board a Mississippi steamboat the other day, Jones met Mr. Smith. "Which way are you going Smith—up or down?" "That depends on circumstances. If I sleep over the boiler, up—if in the cabin, down."

"Where did you get this turkey?" said Col. Billy Wilson to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp one day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic reply. "Ah, you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie," said the colonel, triumphantly, to a bystander.

You may always distinguish an Englishman by two things. His trousers and his gut. The first never fits him, and he always walks as if he was an hour behind time.

"O Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, master," replied the boy, "I have been practicing since I was a child."

A NEW PRIVILEGE.—Surely it is a privilege to be kissed by the breeze that has kissed all the pretty women in the world.

BRIGHT YOUTHS.—"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't tell, 'cept it's because she has a large comb in her head."

EVEN A PIG upon the spit may console himself, things will take a turn.

STYLES OF CONSOLATION.—A man's—Well, I'll tell you what you must do. A woman's—Ah! I told you how it would be.

WHAT proves soldiers to be very careless? They are in a mess every day.

THE snowiest shirt-front may cover an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all rounders encircle a throat which has many a bitter pill to swallow.

THE island of Manhattan, on which New York now stands, was bought of the Indians by Peter Minuit, the first Dutch Governor, in 1624, for \$24.

THE New Haven Register said that prize-fights were encouraged by the Jews, but on being pushed for its authority, said it copied the item from another paper, and added, "We shall dodge behind that passage of scripture, 'which says: two shall be grinding at a mill.' That's all we know about it."

THE sacred book of the ancient Persians says: "If you wish to be a saint, instruct your children, because all the good they do will be imputed to you."

AS FAR UP AS THEY OWN.—We have just heard a good 'un. Not long ago a distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine is shepherd. Said the friend to the D. D., looking up at the spire, which was tall and not yet completed: "How much higher up is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own far in that direction."

MOLIÈRE was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age and cannot marry before eighteen? "It is," answered Molière, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

"It's all very pretty to talk," said a recently married old bachelor, who had finished reading the Rev. Dr. Field's essay on the *Culture of Women*, just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him. "It's all very pretty, this cultivation of women; but such a charge as this for bonnets, is rather a heavy top-dressing—in my judgment."

THE understanding is lowered from association with inferiors. With equals it attains equality; but with superiors, superiority. He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own.

If this were leap-year, many a luckless swain who "grieves for friendship unreturned, or unrequited love," might enjoy life in the thought that some beautiful woman may, in a moment of extraordinary rashness, claim her privilege to propose to marry.

You may outlast the friend of truth, but truth remains: you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

NEVER confide in a young man; new pairs leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

The New Jury System.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

The report of the Select Committee on the Irish Jury system has been published. The Committee consisted of seventeen members—nine Conservatives and eight Liberals. The evidence, which has already been given in the columns of this journal, having been heard, the Committee assembled to discuss their report. Several divisions took place, of which the most important was one on the motion of Mr. Hugh Law, Q.C., who moved a resolution in effect maintaining the great principle of the O'Hagan Jury Act, the existence of a "fixed method" for "the formation of the jury panels," instead of leaving their formation to the discretion of the Sheriff. This motion was defeated by nine to eight. How strongly the vote was a party one will be apparent at a glance. There voted for Mr. Law's amendment—Lord Hartington, Sir C. O'Loghlen, Mr. Henry Herbert, The O'Connor Don, Mr. O'Reilly, The O'Donoghue, Sir A. Beach, Mr. Plunket, Mr. Verney, Lord Orkney, Sir A. Guinness, Mr. Bruen, Dr. Ball, Mr. Mulholland, Mr. Lopes. An amendment of some importance, providing that the Sheriff "should, as far as possible, not summon any juror a second time who has served on a jury until he had first summoned all those whose names are on the jurors' book," was moved by Mr. Law, and adopted by a majority of one. The report finally adopted contains some useful, some harmless and some most mischievous principles. Among the most useful recommendations of the Committee we may cite those in which it is suggested that a plaintiff or defendant in a civil case should have a right of challenging six persons, and that the judge should have power in criminal as well as in civil cases to order a "view" by the jury. Something may also be said for the proposal to raise in some instances the rating qualification of jurors as fixed by the O'Hagan Act. On the other hand the proposal to place on the jury list persons who are without rating qualifications, such as the sons of peers, baronets, magistrates, and grand jurors, and also half-pay officers, leaseholders, and freeholders, tends to create a privileged caste. The grand objection, however, lies to those clauses in the report which attack the system of selecting jurors in the dictionary order of their names on the list, and propose to elect that of the Sheriff should be required to distribute the burden of service fairly and impartially amongst all persons whose names are on the jurors' list, having regard to the convenience of jurors as to the locality to which they shall be summoned, so that, as far as may be, the jurors shall be summoned from within the jurisdiction of the court in which they shall be required to serve, the number of names in the jurors' books, and the number of previous attendances of the jurors. If Parliament should adopt this suggestion, it will at a single blow strike out of existence the great, wholesome, and wise principle embodied in Lord O'Hagan's Act. We need scarcely say that that principle is the reduction of the Sheriff to the role of a purely administrative officer, who has no option whatever as to whom he shall summon and whom he shall not summon as jurors. The specious, dangerous, and insidious clause we have quoted would restore to the Sheriff their old discretion; would enable them, on pretext of convenience, to "select" what jurors they thought proper; would, in a word, restore to the fullness of its mischievous existence that monstrous scandal of jury-packing which we had hoped was gone for ever. Although Mr. Law's amendment, quoted above, somewhat mitigates the evil consequences of the clause we have quoted, yet the duty of the Irish members is plain—they ought resist a covert attempt to destroy and repeal one of the most useful and important recent Acts of Parliament.

THE PERILS OF ENGINE-DRIVERS.—There is no more startling illustration of heartless and motiveless cruelty than that afforded by the popular practice of throwing brick-bats at engine-drivers. It is difficult to believe that this particular class of men have more enemies than others, and yet it is certain they are exposed to daily perils which would be more fit expiation for a life of crime. From the *Railway Service Gazette* we learn that the officials of the Metropolitan Railway are specially exposed to this form of punishment. As the train emerges from the Farringdon end of the Clerkenwell Tunnel, it is a common occurrence for "an engine-driver to see half a brick hurled at his engine." Not infrequently these missiles strike the innocent object, and very often the safety of the passengers is also endangered. The curious fact in this strange diversion is that police have been unable to detect those who take part in it. It is now proposed that the Metropolitan Company should place watchmen round the head of the tunnel. No trouble would be too great which should end in the discovery of one or two of the culprits.—*Globe*.

SHOCKING MURDER BY A FATHER.—A miser of eighty years, says a Paris correspondent, named Watiaux, a wealthy landowner, has been convicted by the Assize Court of the assassination of his own son. The indictment charged murder. The prisoner, from aversion, gave no property to his son or daughter when they married. The son separated from his wife, reduced by drunkenness to a state approaching imbecility, came back to his father's house demanding that police shelter. He was allowed to sleep in an out-house upon some hay, with sacks for blankets. One evening when the son came to the house for something to eat, the father told him to go away altogether. An altercation ensued, and the old man, whose defence is that he was threatened with a knife, drew his pistol and shot his son dead. One of the questions put by the presiding judge, with a view of showing premeditation, was whether he had not endeavored to close the wound, so as to hide it from observation. The answer, going beyond anything Molière imagined to put into the mouth of his miser, Harpagon, was, "Oh, I only did that to prevent the blood from spilling his shirt." The jury negatived premeditation, and the octogenarian assassin was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

HOW TO EVADE THE BALLOT.—Mr. C. H. Heydon writes the following letter from Sydney, which appears in the *Spectator*.—"You take an interest in the ballot; perhaps you might like to hear how it has been evaded sometimes here in Australia. At the opening of the poll the election agent sends in a voter, whom he has supplied with a blank piece of paper. Having this in his pocket, the voter goes in, receives his ballot paper, and passes on to the private box. There, instead of marking out any candidate's names, he puts the voting paper in his pocket and takes out the blank paper, which he carries to the ballot box and drops through the slit. He then comes out and gives to the agent the numbered ballot paper. The agent at once scratches out the names of the hostile candidates, folds up the paper, and gives it to a second voter, who passes in, acts with this paper as the first voter had acted with the blank paper, and brings out to the agent another clean ballot paper. This goes on throughout the day, and when the poll is about closing the agent goes in himself, gets his own voting paper, and of course is able to drop two into the ballot box, thus saving again the vote which he lost when he sent in only a blank sheet. I think you will agree with me that this is rather ingenious. Whether the plan was invented here I do not know, but I am told that it has been worked here some time."

MR. TENNYSON is writing some new "Idylls of the King." One is said to be finished. The new poems will probably precede "Vivien."—*Academy*.

AN Association of Bee-keepers is proposed in San Diego county.

The Irish Cattle Trade.

The Liverpool *Albion* of a late date, in a highly important article, publishes some facts relative to the means of bringing cattle from Ireland and foreign ports to Liverpool, together with a good deal of incidental information on the general topic of the cattle trade of the great English business centre. We learn from this useful and interesting paper that the number of steamers almost exclusively engaged in the conveyance of cattle from Ireland is over seventy, all of the first class, and owned chiefly by the Dublin, Belfast, Drogheda, Dundalk, Waterford, Londonderry, Wexford, and Sligo Steam-packet Companies. The strictness of the oppressive regulations with respect to the importation of cattle from Spain and Portugal has stopped the trade with these countries. This is an important fact, and, according to our temporary, it is just within the bounds of possibility that this stringent policy may be carried so far as to cut off Ireland likewise as a source of supply for English consumers, in which case an outcry loud enough to be heard and attended to is likely to be made, and broad reform may come.

The average duration of the voyage from Dublin, Drogheda, and Dundalk is about twelve hours, from Glasgow eighteen hours, so that the cattle from these ports can suffer little from simple confinement on board the steamers. And, as evidence of the excellence of the accommodation and of the considerate treatment of the animals, it may be stated that information was given last season before a Parliamentary Committee to the effect that not one animal in ten thousand was injured or deteriorated by the voyage from Irish ports. The importance of this fact cannot be exaggerated, especially in face of certain sensational representations made from time to time in connection with the transport and shipment of cattle. In 1871-2-3 no fewer than 159,921 cattle were carried in the Drogheda steamers, of which only eleven were injured. In the same period the Drogheda Steam Packet Company delivered at Liverpool 320,000 sheep and lambs, and of these only 109 were in bad order. The *Albion* says truly that this is a surprising fact when the nature of the cargo is taken into consideration. The casualties among cattle, sheep, and lambs conveyed by the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company were even less than the figures quoted. During the longer voyages—from Waterford and Sligo—the mortality is sometimes greater; but the fact that the Waterford Steampacket Company insure an animal of the value of £22 for one shilling is proof presumptive that the numerous casualties do not enter into their calculations. The description of the great Liverpool cattle market and its administration is highly interesting. It covers a space of twenty-five acres. Other great markets, as the Metropolitan, Dublin, Bristol, etc., are in a great measure copies of the Liverpool market, which cost to construct about £30,000. So complete are the railway arrangements for conveyance that 3,000 cattle and 4,000 sheep can be placed in trucks and removed in the space of one hour. The restrictions imposed on the Liverpool cattle market with regard to the foot and mouth disease have greatly injured it by preventing people from sending their stock there. Inspection has been declared to be carried out there "to a ridiculous extent." The *Albion* observes that the Parliamentary evidence on the subject indicates how the law, as carried out by the local authorities, presses upon the Liverpool market and renders beef dearer in Liverpool than in London, despite the natural advantages which favor the former. "Unquestionably," says our contemporary, "the feeling directing these restrictive measures has its root in the belief entertained by the stock owners that a great portion of the disease with which they are troubled is imported from Ireland." We are glad to find the *Albion* correcting this absurd but injurious misapprehension. It declares that nothing is more certain than that there are no good grounds for this belief. The Times of Saturday week, for instance, reports in its Parliamentary proceedings that the total number of farms in all Ireland upon which sections of disease of any kind existed was only 75, while it was recently stated by Mr. Muniz that the number of farms under restriction in the county of Norfolk alone, owing to the presence of disease, was 485, a number greatly exceeded in Cheshire. These facts ought to be conclusive. Yet, at a recent meeting of the Cheshire Chamber of Agriculture, the Hon. Wilbraham Eyreton remarked that disease was constantly being imported from Ireland. We agree with our contemporary that so long as groundless statements are made by parties interested in England just so long is it unlikely that the large surplus of cattle will be freely obtained which Ireland has ready for exportation. The *Albion* concludes its very important article by dwelling emphatically on the advisability of ascertaining precisely what amount if any of disease is owing to Ireland instead of being misled by vague statements, which have the effect of preventing the English consumers from obtaining the advantage of an unrestricted supply of the healthiest cattle in Europe.—*Dublin Freeman*.

The following well-deserved rebuke to a Rev. Bigot we copy from the New York *Irish Democrat*. "If this Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jr., lived when the American Colonists were fighting for Liberty no doubt he would be found in the ranks of the prototypes of the Orangemen—the Tories; a REVEREND FIREBRAND. While it is our pleasure and delight to record the quiet and peaceful celebration of the 12th of July by Orange Societies in this city and neighborhood, yet we must protest against the action of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jr. When a minister of the Gospel, with unhalloved lips, proclaims that the banner of strife is the flag of 'the meek of heart,' it is but right to brand him as a maligner of Christ and the religion He established. It would be offering insult to the intelligence of our readers to argue against the baseless assertions of this pseudo minister of the Most High, who, with hell-inspired tongue, would set man against man, and, instead of preaching peace, appeal to the worst passions of fallen humanity. It is a sad sight to see a man with Dr. Tyng's opportunities for doing good, prostituting his natural abilities and position to the cause of jealousy and hatred. When a gentleman in his position descends to the position of a ranting bigot, misquoting and falsifying history, it is high time for his congregation to ask him to resign his charge and put in his place some gentleman who will preach 'Christ crucified,' and not foster the hatred begotten of the misrule of England and cherished by every enemy of the Irish race."

In Petaluma there are 1,231 children under 17 years of age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

TRY IT!

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PEERLESS

Yeast Powder

The following unsolicited testimonial, from an entire stranger to us, is worth more than hundreds of solicited or purchased puff:

EUREKA, January 27, 1873.

MR. BARTON:

Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for twenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.

Yours respectfully,

MR. G. BAYLEY,

Eureka, Humboldt Bay.

For the greater convenience of purchasers, BARTON'S YEAST POWDER is put up in packages of one-quarter pound, one, two, five, ten, and twenty pounds, respectively.

Manufactory, 211, 213, Sacramento

[Feb 11]

ISAAC SELIG,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

No. 218 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

[Feb 11]

WM. J. BLYTHE,



Band Master 3d Irish Regiment, N. G. Co. RESIDENCE—328 Stevenson street.—PLACE OF BUSINESS—At P. J. Tannan's, cor. Stevenson and Third Sts. Orders from the country promptly attended to. [mh21-11]

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Between Third and New Montgomery streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

House and Sign Painting, Whitening and Wall Coloring,

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California Brass Works.

WEED & KINGWELL,

No. 125 First St. Opposite Minny, San Francisco. Manufacturers of all kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Bell Metal Castings, Church and Steamboat Bells on hand and made to order. Also, a full assortment of Steam and Water Cocks and Valves, Hydraulic Pipes, Non-Return Valves, Brass Ship work, Spikes, Sheeting Nails, and Rudder Braces.

Agents for Safford's Eureka Lubricator. Highest market price paid for old Bells, Copper and Brass. [Jy 14-11]

T. J. DIXON. J. J. DIXON.

Dixon Brothers,

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters,

No. 408 Montgomery street, (Opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's, San Francisco. All work warranted. [my 10-11]

J. M. BRYAN,

Stoves, Ranges and Tinware,

LEAD AND COPPER WORKER, Manufacturer of

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130 Third Street, Between Mission and Howard, SAN FRANCISCO.

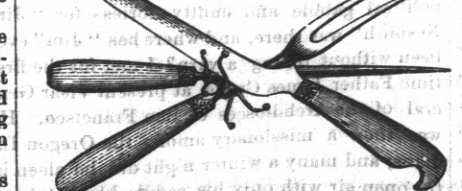
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M. PRICE,

FOR HOME-MADE CUTLERY.



STORE: 415 KEARNY ST., bet. Pine and California. FACTORY: 10 STEVENSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO. [my 11-11]

MR. BRYAN, Knives, Shears, etc., made to order and warranted. Particular attention paid to jobbing. Damaged Cutlery polished equal to new. Country Orders promptly attended to. [my 11-11]

THE Sonoma Democrat says the approaching trial of Alexander and Geiger for the murder of Mrs. Strong will be one of the most extraordinary in the annals of criminal jurisprudence.

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[Jy 14-11]

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England and Ireland.

The recent debate on the Home Rule question, in the British House of Commons, has some interest for those persons who pay attention to the higher foreign politics; and all the more so because we find, even in the meagre reports of it that the telegraph gave us, evidence that the English now have exactly the same views in regard to the connection of their country with Ireland that were common in the times of the Tudors and the Stuarts. British statesmen talk as if it were a truism that Great Britain could not exist unless Ireland were part of the British Empire, and they assume that to permit Ireland to have a local legislature would lead to her successful secession from that Empire. They may be right in regard to this last view in the matter, for it is highly probable that the institution of an Irish Parliament, that should be in the Anglo-Irish political system what the Legislature of Pennsylvania is in the American polity would be an important step toward the withdrawal of Ireland from all connections with Great Britain and the setting up of an Irish Republic, or Kingdom. They may be wise in respect to the future, and foresee what would happen in ten or fifteen years after the triumph of Home Rule, as that panacea is at present defined; but assuredly they are wrong in talking as if it were an undoubted fact that Ireland, as long connected with England really was an addition to the latter's strength in the remote or recent past. So far is the view from being correct that it is exactly the reverse of the truth. The connection of England and Ireland never was the source of good to the former, and it has been a steadily flowing fountain of evil for the latter. England never has been greater than she was in much of the long reign of Edward III., and in most of the short reign of Henry V., and then Ireland was not a source of strength to her, though she was not then such a thorn in English flesh as she became some generations later; and Scotland was her bitter enemy, and active foe, and invaded her dominions and sent armies to meet English armies in France, the two insular forces meeting in fiercest collision at Verneuil and Beaugre. Even Wales had not then become an integral part of England, and sometimes her high spirited chieftains and their hot headed followers threatened seriously to disturb her.

These facts show that England was at the height of her greatness when she was nothing but England, and that the connection with the assumed position that the union of all the British islands under English ascendancy is necessary, not only for the greatness of England, but for her safety. Under the Tudors, the connection between England and Ireland became far closer than it had been under the Plantagenets, and in Elizabeth's reign which embraced almost the whole of the Tudor time, it was close indeed, and always for the promotion of bitterness, the practice of cruelty, and the shedding of blood. This was partly owing to the numerous efforts of the Tudors to establish England's authority over all Ireland, whereas the Plantagenets had allowed that authority to become of the least account; but the evil was terribly aggravated by the increasing of those religious quarrels that proceeded from the occurrence of the Reformation. Ireland was emphatically a place of blood for most of the Elizabethan time. The long conflict that began in Elizabeth's early reign, and which lasted almost to her death, was a conflict between lunatics and fiends. Half the strength of England was absorbed in the quarrel, and instead of Ireland's power being added to England's power, the former was annihilated, and the latter changed to feebleness. Had Philip II. been half as daring and swift as he was dilatory and slow he would have made himself master of Ireland instead of wasting time, soldiers, and money in foolish wars in the Netherlands; and that country might have become the base of his operations against England, greatly to the increase of the danger that the fast-anchored isle incurred in 1558, when the Spaniards failed because Spain was their distant base, and there was no friendly land near their fleet, and Ireland, which as an independent nation, would have had nothing to do with Spain, might, indeed, have been England's firmest friend and ally, would have become the base of Castilian operations only because of her hatred of the English connection, and of her determination to get rid of it. The Stuarts were as bad as the Tudors, though circumstances seem to point to a close connection between Ireland and that wretched dynasty, but it is in seeming only, for there was no real love between the parties, the Stuarts merely wishing to make use of the Irish for the promotion of their bad policy in England, and the Irish merely wishing to make use of the Stuarts to rid themselves entirely of English rule.

Of all the English and British dynasties, the Stuarts used the Irish the worst, for when they did not oppress and cheat them, they cheated and deceived them. James I. and Charles I. Ireland saw some of her worst days, and Strafford was as much the delegated despot of Ireland as he sought to make of his master the direct despot of both England and Scotland; and in the Great Civil War, (1642-1651,) the Irish suffered much because they appeared to favor the Catholic cause, and in that way brought upon their country the tremendous blows dealt by the Iron hand of Cromwell. This they did not, without doing any good for the British royalists, while their conduct was threatening to the English Parliamentarians. Cavaliers and Roundheads were alike endangered by the Irish connection. When the English Revolution took place Ireland was the source of the greatest alarm and the greatest danger to England. William III. had to lead an army in Ireland when he should have had that army on the continent, there to employ it against France; and Marlborough led another English army against Cork and Kinsale. The Boyne would have been a Irish victory, even then, had the Irish forces been placed under good command at the beginning of the preceding year. The next year, (1691,) Ginle had a large English army in Ireland, which could have been better employed in Flanders; and had not St. Ruth been slain at a most critical moment, the battle of Aughrim would have resulted most disastrously for the English. Had Louis XIV., in 1690, sent to Ireland twenty thousand men under a great soldier, like Catinat, instead of sending less than seven thousand under the courtier, Lauzun, Ireland's connection with England would then have ceased, and that country have become the base of French operations against England. During the eighteenth century, though the Irish people

did not often rise against England, their mere existence weakened the greater country, often threatening England with great additions to her difficulties.

The formation of the Irish Volunteers, during the war of the American Revolution, and the Rebellion of 1798, are cases in point. Had the whole of Hoche's expedition got into Bantry Bay at the close of 1798, and had Hoche landed the large army the French fleet had on board, the English would have had work on their hands in which they could not have succeeded. Had the soldiers England was forced to keep in Ireland in 1809 been sent to the French out of that country four years earlier than he effected that task, and then Great Britain would have become the first power in Europe. Thus we see that in the past the connection of England with Ireland was a source of weakness to the former, and that instead of adding to England's strength, that connection subtracted greatly from that strength. It is true that England has had many good Irish soldiers in her armies, but as balancing this fact is the fact that often when she has fought she has had to meet good Irish soldiers in the armies opposed to her, in Europe, and in America. For almost a century many of the best soldiers in the French service were Irishmen, such soldiers as fought and won at Fontenoy. The Irish Brigade is as immortal as the Macedonian Phalanx or the Roman Legion. There were Irish soldiers and sailors in our ships and armies in both our wars with England. Though England's course toward Ireland has been incomparably improved in this century, her connection with that country has been productive of much weakness to her since 1829, the year of Catholic Emancipation, just as it was in earlier times. Grave as are the reasons why the Irish should wish to cut the English connection, there are even yet graver reasons why the English ought to wish to cut the Irish connection.—*Traveler.*

English and Americans

An occasional correspondent of the Times, writing from Rome with reference to the American pilgrimage, conveys some information by which his countrymen might profit. Among the eccentricities of British character, which have produced on the Continent no ludicrous and unenviable a popular conception of the insular, must be reckoned a contemptuous disregard for the religious feelings of others. John Bull goes abroad satisfied with himself, his country, and his creed, and prepared to look haughtily down upon all foreigners and all foreign ways. If the national egotism exhibits itself to the stranger in a specially offensive manner, it is in matters of religion. English tourists, male or female, make nothing of tramping up to the altar of some famous temple in France or Italy, while the worshippers are in prayer, and High Mass is being celebrated. Nor does delicacy prevent them from discussing in loud and scornful tones the majestic ritual, the pious adornments, the devotional aspects of the ceremony, the church, and the congregation. Great indignation is frequently produced by displays of bigotry and rudeness, which, with all respect for them, it seems British tourists alone are capable of exhibiting. No reverence due to sanctity of the place has any weight with people so bumptious and feeling so self-superior. The Briton abroad has been faithfully represented at Milan by an unmistakable couple named Lloyd. This Cockney man, and wife descended upon the historic city from the neighborhood of Bow Bells. They found their way to the Duomo, whose almost marvellous beauty, we venture to think, shed its influence without disturbing an intellectual faculty of either Mr. or Mrs. Lloyd. At the entrance they fell in with a large British party, in company of whom they made the circuit of the interior. During the journey Lloyd delivered himself audibly and insolently concerning all that met his gaze. He continued the conduct, despite the remonstrances of some of the party, till the sound of the church was made. Arrived at the great entrance, Lloyd proceeded to address the congregation as they passed on the errors of their belief. One of the vergers, later, fering, Lloyd knocked him down, and was ultimately dragged off to prison. We have not heard the result, but should say, judging from the encouragement given to rowdies under the Italian Government to assault and insult everything Catholic, that Lloyd has by this time regained his liberty, with leave to repeat his performance at the Cathedral. Place against this demeanour of the Americans, "you see" at Rome. Ardent Catholics, in the seat and centre of Catholicity, they had cause to show the sentiment inspired by the sight of the venerable Head of their Church a prisoner in his own palace, surrounded by enemies busy in spoiling and desecrating the last remains of the patrimony of Christianity. But the pilgrims, mindful of their mission, took care not to ex- ercise their spirit and intention. The correspondent of the Times is forced to acknowledge that the highest praise is due to them for their absolute abstention from anything which might have the appearance of a political or even a religious demonstration. It is a great, and in our opinion a sorrowful, change which has produced this expression of approval. When, as we have seen, Rome was so much to avoid displaying even the pious feelings which brought them thither from the ends of the earth, we may say, indeed, that "evil hath fallen on the holy places," and that "the wicked rule, is the place of prayer." On the other hand, what a lesson the conduct of the pilgrims teaches to the sectaries whose vagaries in the Catholic cities of the Continent have done so much to make the English character hateful and despicable to the inhabitants.—*Freeman.*

YOUTHFUL DELINQUENTS.—During the year 1879, nearly 12,000 young persons, both sexes, have been arrested in Paris for vagabondage, all of whom were under legal age, and who are at once imprisoned with the most hardened of the city Arabs. The incorrigible are drafted to a city prison, where severity rather than reform is the aim. Yet the Assembly has not time to deal with the crying evil, being occupied with political combinations and snatches of legislation, and which only illustrates how the ameliorations demanded by the nation and admitted by all, are forced to stand still. The French people have never yet had the opportunity of carrying out calmly, after sober reflection, the practical consequences of their theories. What they have done has been single-handed, the other hand holding some weapon of defence to beat off saviours of society, or to threaten their rulers who wish to absorb all civil life and popular amendments in their own personality, and subordination to all to individual ends.—*Correspondence of S. F. Morning Call.*

FOUR IMMIGRANT CARS ARRIVED ON SATURDAY containing 44 families.

The Debate.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

Looked at as a whole, the Irish people have good reason to be satisfied with the great Home Rule debate and with the division by which it closed. The case of Ireland was laid before the Imperial Parliament with an earnestness, a moderation, and a fullness worthy of the vital importance of the issue, and of the illustrious assembly which the orators addressed. Between the Irish and English peoples there intervenes a vast wall of misunderstanding, misconception, and suspicion. That wall has been a building for seven miserable centuries; it cannot be removed in an hour, but this week it has been shaken to its foundations by the battering rams of Truth. If the balance of numbers lay against Home Rule, the balance of logic and reason was with it. Mr. Butt poured into the enemy a rhetorical broadside, the effect of which will not soon be forgotten. Notably telling were those passages in his speech in which he reviewed the short but glorious history of Irish nationality, the history of that responsible period of eighteen years, in which Irish liberty, Irish literature, Irish art, Irish commerce, fanned by the healthy glow of national freedom, blazed into such an effulgence of glory and prosperity. Mr. John George McCarthy enriched the discussion with a powerful speech, strengthened by the teachings of those historical examples of which the hon. member has been so diligent and successful a student. Mr. McCarthy dwelt, with a Catholic's acumen, distinguished by the Scotch Union—a solemn treaty, adopted with the consent of the Scotch nation, and in which the rights and privileges of that nation were carefully guarded—and the Irish Union, won by a combination of force and fraud at which History stands aghast, and Cynicism itself does not dare to justify. Speeches such as these, and those delivered by the O'Connor, Don, Sir C. O'Loghlen, Colonel White, and other honorable members, contrast most favorably with the utterances of the opposite side. The glittering rhetoric of professor Smith, the convert slave of the O'Donoghue, were but poor baubles for the opposition to Home Rule. As for the Ministry, Sir Mitchell H. Bech—again adopting the roll of infant terrible—announced imaginary measures to meet them with counter threats. Ireland can afford to despise these threats, but vaporing is a dialectic weapon which ill befits a man holding so delicate and so important a post as the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. The Prime Minister appeared in his role of the jester, but we believe that Home Rule is too heavily a plank to be blasted by Sir Michael Bech's blather or Mr. Disraeli's badinage. Passing from the debate to the division, it would show a single want of acquaintance with political history if we were to allow ourselves to be alarmed by the fact that on the first occasion on which the subject of Home Rule was fairly raised before the House of Commons, it was defeated by a majority of 483 to 61. We see no reason to be alarmed by the fact that on the first introduction to Parliament of a motion in favor of Catholic Emancipation, met with hostile votes even more crushing than that recorded yesterday morning. Let us take a few examples. In 1806 Catholic Emancipation had been for a long time before the public. It was supported by a majority of the greatest men in both Houses of Parliament, by Fitzmaurice, by Hilliard and Grey. Yet it was rejected in the House of Commons by a vote of 178 to 49, and in the Commons by 336 to 124. Twenty years afterwards the most powerful Minister that has ever ruled in Britain—the Iron Duke—the hero of a hundred fights, was compelled to throw open the gates of the Constitution to the Catholic subjects of the King. Let us take a more striking example. In 1834 Mr. Lamont moved a resolution in the House of Commons in favor of Parliamentary Reform. Only 43 votes were given in support of his proposition. Ten years ago popular indignation swept away the whole fabric of rotten boroughs and purchased seats. When George Grote commenced his agitation with debate after debate, crushing, complete. He re- duced, disgusted, from Parliament, to become the historian of Greece. And yet it was given to him, before his pure and useful life was closed, to see the system of secret voting established in Great Britain. On the 13th of May, 1810, Mr. Parnell moved a resolution for a select committee to inquire into the Irish Tithe question. He was, of course, defeated, only fifty members voting with him. Honorable members who took part in that discussion lived to see the Irish Tithes not only inquired into but abolished. We need scarcely say that the great principles which underlie the Church and Land Acts were, when they first appeared in the Parliamentary arena opposed by majorities larger than that which yesterday morning polled against Home Rule, yesterday morning being the least cast down by either debate or division. If the spirits of the just made perfect derive pleasure from the contemplation of terrene events, with what joy must our great Tribunes contemplate the debate and division—a debate opened by the Iscariot of the City Hall discussion—a division in which the Home Rule vote was swayed by many Englishmen, and was almost twice as numerous as the largest cast in the palmiest days of Repeal.

English and Americans

Colonel Stuart, who was returned to Parliament by the votes of the Cardiff Home Rule Association, has addressed the following letter of explanation to Dr. Kiernan, the President of the Cardiff Home Rule Association:

24 Wilson-Crescent, July 4th, 1874.

SIR—In the discussion of the scheme which Mr. Butt so clearly and eloquently placed before the House of Commons, it was clearly shown that an Irish Parliament, which should act freely and independently, cannot be established consistently with the integrity of the United Kingdom; but only by means of a repeal of the Union. As I hold, and have always held, that the integrity of the kingdom must be preserved for the good of both nations, I was unable to give my vote in favor of the motion.

I am, your obedient servant,

To Dr. Kiernan, J. F. D. C. STUART.

This letter having been discussed at a meeting of Colonel Stuart's Home Rule supporters, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved—That we, the members of the Cardiff branch of the Irish Home Rule Association, desire to record our disgust at the treachery and baseness of Colonel Stuart, who, having given a written promise to support Mr. Butt's resolution, failed to do so, and pledge ourselves to use the most strenuous exertions to secure his defeat at the next election, as we did to secure his return at the last one.

Colonel Stuart, M. P., and the Home Rule.

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